THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

JUNE, 1919

In This Number:

"In Memory of the Martyrdom," frontispiece.

Two timely articles on Health—"Germs and Disease," "The House Fly," by Dr. Martin P. Henderson.

The continuation of the characteristic autobiography by Margaret Judd Clawson, and "Mothers of Our Leaders."

Two stories, "The Paymaster," by Lucy S. Burnham; and "The House of Gifts," by Clara S. Fagergren.

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Vol. VI No. 6

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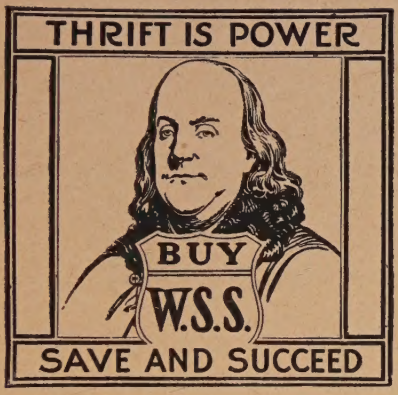

A thrifty nation is a Gibraltar against the surf of anarchy and revolution and all the destructive forces that follow in the wake of extravagance, thoughtless, blind living. :: ::

SAVE AND BUY
W. S. S.

The Relief Society Magazine

Owned and Published by the General Board of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

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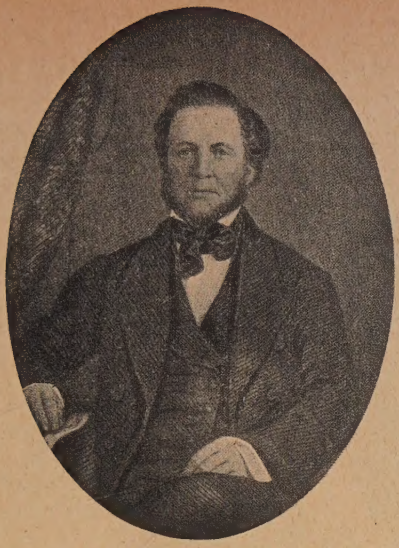


VERSES SUNG AT THE FUNERAL OF PRESIDENT BRIGHAM YOUNG,

Words by Charles W. Penrose. Music by George Careless.

Death gathers up thick clouds of gloom
And wounds the soul with anguish deep.
Gaunt sorrow sits upon the tomb,
And round the grave dense shadows creep.

But faith beams down from God's fair skies
And bids the clouds and shades begone.
We gaze with brightened, tear-dried eyes,
And lo! There stands the Holy One!

"The Resurrection and the Life,"
What hope and joy that title brings!
Death's but a myth with horrors rife,
And flees before the King of kings.

Then, shall we mourn and weep today
Because our chief has gone to rest?
He slumbers not in that cold clay,
But lives and moves among the blest.

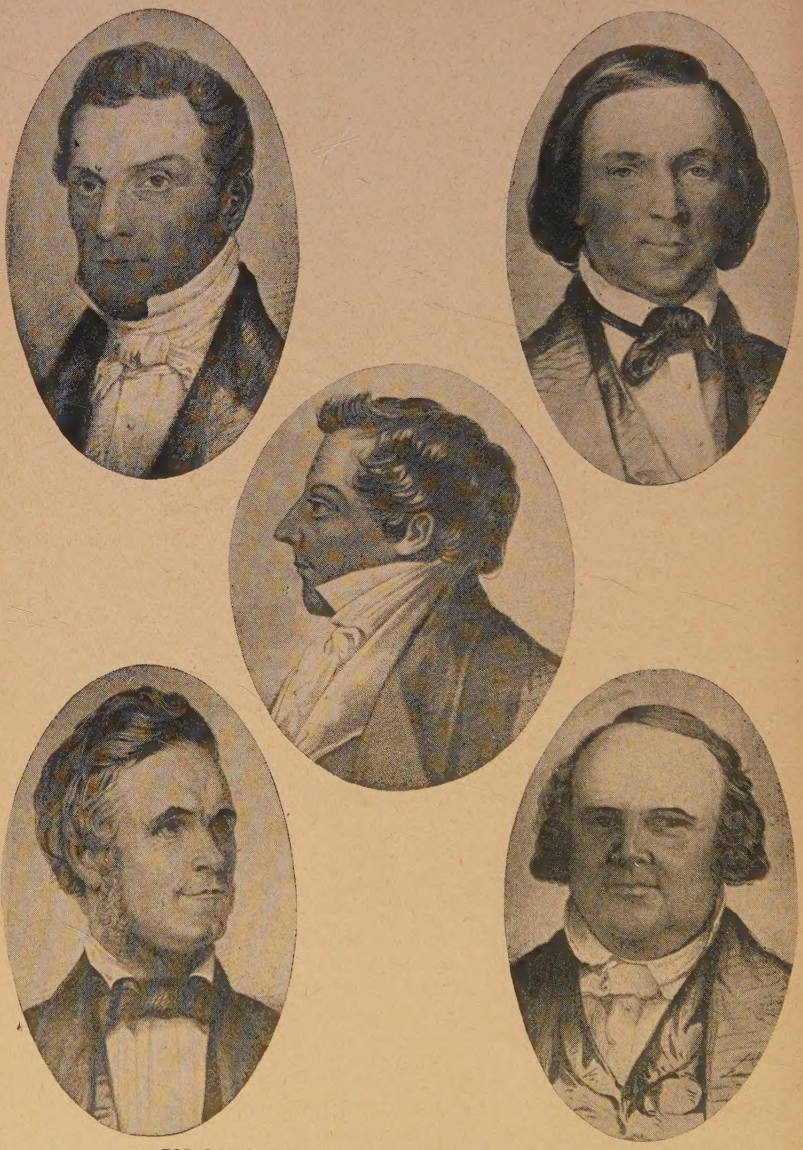
We lose a leading Master Mind,
And spirit hosts behind the vail,
New strength and added wisdom find,
To make our mutual work prevail.

Hosannas greet his entrance there,
And Joseph waits with words of praise,
While here sit thousands bowed in prayer,
And funeral notes in grief we raise.

Farewell, dear Brother Brigham Young,
God called thee through the eternal gate,
Thy fame shall dwell on every tongue,
And Saints thy worth will emulate.

Thy work on earth was nobly done,
And peace smiles sweetly on thee now.
The crown celestial thou hast won,
In splendor waits to deck thy brow!

Salt Lake City, August 30, 1877.



IN MEMORY OF THE MARTYRDOM.

Joseph Smith ,the Prophet in center; upper left, Hyrum Smith, the Patriarch; lower left, John Taylor; upper right, Brigham Young; lower right, Willard Richards.

THE

Relief Society Magazine

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Mothers of Our Leaders

SARAH FARR SMITH,

Mother of Elder George Albert Smith.

My mother was born in a Latter-day Saint home. She was a daughter of Lorin Farr and Amanda Chase, both being pioneer families. She passed through the experiences of pioneer life in such manner as to develop the best there is in a human being. She began life with a strong physique and a cheerful disposition, thus entering into the struggle of existence with assurance of success. Her training made her exceedingly frugal and economical so that when, as a young girl, she married my father, John Henry Smith, she began home-making under the most favorable circumstances.

My parents had no home of their own, and their few belongings were packed in a box. Father made some of their furniture, and they began married life in a log house, with a mud roof. Mother was and is one of the most industrious women I ever knew. I well remember, when I was a child, how she was the first one up in the morning and the last one to bed at night. And during her experience of giving birth to eleven children and rearing eight of them to man and womanhood not one of us was ever neglected in any way. She was a strict disciplinarian, and we always knew that when she told us to do anything she meant it.

She has had to economize most all of her life, and now, at nearly seventy years of age, she is perhaps more comfortably situated than ever before. Although we were very poor, and my father was on a mission when I was five years old, I never remember of hearing my mother complain, and I never saw her shed a tear because of conditions that surrounded her. She could make a dollar go as far as anybody I ever knew. She is a wonderful housekeeper, and during the rearing of her large family, she did not have much assistance from hired help. She is a great lover of beautiful things; she always kept her home properly, and in

good repair. She had a faculty of mending things with tin. If a mouse got into the cupboard, she found the hole, and the next time he paid a visit, he discovered his entrance barred with a piece of tin.

She is a woman of remarkable endurance, and until after her last child was born I do not remember to have ever heard her say she was tired. She seemed to feel she had a certain amount of work to do and she proceeded to do it in the most rapid and painstaking manner. Although she was not able to attend meetings often, yet her children were always made ready for Sabbath School, and we were encouraged to attend to our duties in the Church in every possible way.

No husband was ever more devotedly sustained by his helpmeet than my father was by my mother. She loved him with all her heart, and seemed to find the greatest possible pleasure in doing the thing that she knew would satisfy him. She retained her youth to the extent that when I was a young man we were taken for brother and sister. When father was absent from home on a mission, mother took his place, and she was really the head of the house in his absence. We attended to our prayers, and had a blessing on the food, and in case of sickness, she called in the elders, for she has great faith in the ordinances of the gospel. She has always been a strict tithe-payer, and as far as I have been able to discover, there has never entered her mind a thought that perhaps there might be a mistake and "Mormonism" not be true. She believes it with all her soul, and has sustained the authorities of the Church in every possible way. She always had a good word for all people, and it is a rare thing for her to speak in any other way than that of commendation of any soul. I never knew a more charitable woman, or one more willing to impart of what little she had to those who needed more than she. I know that many, many times she has given to others of her small substance and has gone without things that most people would have considered really important.

Of course, I look upon her as a wonderful mother, and from the depth of my soul, I thank my heavenly Father that she is my mother. Her strict honesty, her scrupulous truthfulness, and her great care to fulfil any promise made, was always an inspiration to me. Like most mothers, she was slow to believe that her children could do anything that wasn't just right. But if an accusation was made, she went to the bottom of it before rendering a decision, and if her child was in the wrong, the child knew it had to make the matter right. Her strict determination to be just in all things has always had its effect upon me.

She had a faculty of always presenting a neat appearance, no matter how ordinary her clothing might be, and she always looked well dressed.

She gave her consent for father to marry Aunt Josephine, and was loyal to her and to her children in every way. They have lived the principle of plural marriage as well as any family I have ever seen, and the two have been like sisters and still are.

Your brother,

GEORGE ALBERT SMITH.

ANNA L. IVINS,

Mother of Elder Anthony W. Ivins.

My mother, Anna Lowrie Ivins, was the daughter of Caleb Ivins, Jr., and Edith Ridgway. She was born at Philadelphia, Nov. 18, 1816, and was a sister to Rachel Ridgway Ivins, the mother of Prest. Heber J. Grant.

Caleb Ivins, Jr., was the son of Caleb Ivins and Sarah Wright. Caleb Ivins was the son of Moses Ivins and Kezia Shreve.

My father, Israel Ivins, was the son of Anthony Ivins and Sarah Reeves Wallen. Anthony Ivins was the son of Israel Ivins and Margaret Woodward. Israel Ivins was the son of Moses Ivins and Kezia Shreve. It will be seen by the above that the grandparents (great-grandparents) of both father and mother were the same.

Like many others who identified themselves with the Church at an early period, and came to Utah during the pioneer days, my parents found themselves in a new environment, and entirely different to that to which they had been accustomed. The families of both parents were well to do, they were merchants, manufacturers, and owners of large tracts of land in New Jersey, and adjoining states. My father was an engineer by profession.

We were among the first settlers in the St. George valley, and in common with other pioneers of the Dixie country passed through the hardships incident to the development of that inhospitable region. The resources brought from the old home were soon exhausted, and we were reduced to a condition of poverty in strong contrast to our early life.

The one thing which impressed me most in the character of my mother was, that during all of these experiences, of poverty and different family conditions from those to which she had been accustomed in her early life, she did not for a moment lose her patience, dignity, or self control. She was the same dignified, patient, pleasant woman under all circumstances. She did not at any time in my life inflict corporal punishment upon me, nor do I remember a word spoken in anger. Where correction was necessary it was administered in kindness and by reason, which never failed to leave a profound impression.

I never, at any time, heard her speak in anger to my father or any other member of the family. The debt of gratitude which I owe her has not, and cannot, be paid in this life, I hope that in eternity it may be.

She was a convert to the divine mission of the prophet Joseph Smith, and a believer, without reservation, in the doctrines of the restored gospel. She lived in accordance with her profession of faith, and taught me, both by precept and example, to live a virtuous, honest life. That I have succeeded as well as I have is largely due to her teaching and example.

Perhaps you can glean from the foregoing what you would like to have for the *Magazine*.

With assurances of confidence and esteem I remain,

Sincerely yours,

A. W. IVINS.

A Utah Morning.

By Maud Baggarley.

Veiled in mist, the mountains lie
Like poet's dream or faint mirage
Against the April sky.
A little teasing bee at play,
(Like sweet but naughty child)
At threshold of the day,
Starts like humming bird,
Or honey bee, about each blossom-laden tree.
Upon the grass the jocund sun
Hath scattered largess for each one
Whose eager hands can grasp and hold
His measure of the fairy gold.

Little jostled birds complain;
The dim earth glows with sudden light:
The peach trees burn with magic flame;
And lo, the morning bright
Unfolds her wings upon the azure hills,
And through the veins of earth there thrills
New ecstasy of life.

Rambling Reminiscences of Margaret Gay Judd Clawson.

(Continued from page 262.)

I have heard mother tell a little incident about the Prophet: Soon after we went to Nauvoo, she had occasion to do a little shopping, and on her way to the store, she passed the Mansion House. The Prophet was standing on the lawn conversing quite earnestly with several very elegant Gentile gentlemen. As she passed along, very naturally she looked at the Prophet. She knew him, but he did not know her. All at once he reached his arm over the fence, grasped her by the hand, and gave her a hearty shake. He did not hesitate in his conversation with the gentlemen but kept right on talking, and mother passed on. I need not say she was delighted. I am sure he divined what a noble-spirited woman she was.

When our house was furnished and we moved in, my parents were delighted. It was their own home, and built in the city of the Saints, where they expected to live the rest of their days. Our family consisted of father, mother, brother Riley, sister Phebe, and myself, with grandfather and grandmother Judd, who lived with us part of the time. My grandparents were most welcome in our home, where mother and grandmother Judd were always on the best of terms. Grandmother said: "I would rather live with Teresa than any one I ever knew." Mother was not like many daughters-in-law, who look upon their mothers-in-law as their natural enemies, so their association was always most harmonious. I was very fond of my grandmother Judd. I have only a faint recollection of my grandmother Hastings, as I never saw her after I was six years old, but I have heard father say that she was a very kind, liberal-hearted woman.

I think it was about in 1842 or '43 that the mob began again to harass the Saints very frequently, and we had a repetition of the old exciting times. It was generally known when the mobs were prowling around outside of Nauvoo. The brethren were advised to always be in readiness to meet them and to protect their homes and families.

One morning I saw something more than usual going on at one of our neighbor's, an English family by the name of Thompson, so I ran over to see what it was. Well, the word had been brought in that the mob was coming, and very near, and "Little Thompson" (he was a very small man) with others had

been called to the defense. His wife was hurrying to get her protector ready to go. I was filled with patriotism when I saw him staggering off under the weight of his lunch and gun. After bidding him good-bye, she stood there and called after him, as long as she could see him, these encouraging words: "Now Thompson, stick to thy post and don't thee flinch." No doubt, they stimulated him to greater deeds of valor; but the expected did not happen. It was merely a false alarm and the mob was not there, and Thompson came home covered with glory and as brave as a lion, bragging what he would have done if the mob had been there, much to the admiration of his wife and myself.

Times were very hard and provisions were scarce. Father

JOSEPH SMITH'S HOUSE IN NAUVOO.

It was unfinished at his death, and completed by Mr. Biddamon who married the widow of the Prophet.

was an industrious, hard-working man and could work at two trades, but it seemed almost impossible for him to get the right kind of pay for his work, so as to provide the necessaries of life for his family, and for this reason he went back to La Harpe to work. He used to send us flour, meat, etc. Transportation was not as easy in those days as it is now, and father had to watch his chance for sending us provisions, and if he missed we ran short. Father often walked the twenty-five miles home to see his family. He was a splendid walker. He told us once when he came home of a mad dog overtaking him. The dog was a

terrible sight—his eyes were blood red, his tongue hanging out, and he was frothing at the mouth. Father was quite pleased when he passed by without a salute. In a very short time a lot of men and boys with clubs and guns came running after the dog. They said he had bitten a boy and several animals. In a little while father heard them yelling and heard the shots from the guns, so he supposed they had killed the dog.

At one time, that I remember, father had not had an opportunity of sending us any provisions for some time, and we got up one morning to find ourselves without anything in the house to eat, except some shelled corn. There were five of us at that time —mother, grandmother, Brother Riley, Sister Phebe and myself. What were we to do? We had heard of a woman who had a hand-mill for grinding. She lived about a mile from us, and as our only chance for food was to get the corn ground, mother said:

"Children, do you think you could take some and grind it? and when you come back I will make a nice johnny cake for our breakfast."

Of course we could; so brother and I started out in high spirits, with all the corn we could carry, much impressed and feeling our importance in being allowed to help to support the family. Well, when we got to the neighbor's, she took us into the back yard and showed us the mill, telling us that we would have to pay her toll for the use of it. We had heard that before. We started in real brisk—it didn't seem so very hard. We talked and laughed and encouraged each other. The meal seemed to run out of the hopper quite fast, and we thought mother would be surprised to see us home so soon with such a lot of meal. Well, when we had got nearly half of the corn ground that horrid woman came out and took it all in for her share. Oh, didn't our hearts sink! And didn't that mill get awfully hard to turn; and then the handle slipped off and struck me on the finger-nail and hurt me dreadfully. Then it was Riley's turn to grind, so I could stop and cry awhile, but it was not long before the handle slipped off again, and knocked his finger nail nearly off. Poor fellow, how he did cry, and how the blood ran. He always got the worst of every hurt. I went into the house and asked the woman for a rag to put around his bleeding finger, but she would not take the trouble to give me one, saying, "It won't hurt very long." So I tore a piece off my apron and wrapped his finger up.

Now, it was my turn to finish grinding the corn. I could not expect Riley to work any longer with his aching finger. As everything must have an end, our grist was ground at last, and we started home, "wiser but sadder children." When we came in sight of home there was mother watching for us, and when she

saw our bunged-up eyes and sore fingers, she could scarcely restrain her tears. I don't think she expressed herself half as emphatically as she felt, for her eyes were unusually bright, and her cheeks were very red. If mother had met that woman then, there would have been quite a flow of eloquence, I think.

In a very short time mother had the meal sifted and the corn bread in the spider baking, and when it was done, oh, what a delicious breakfast. No sweeter morsel was ever set before a king than that hard earned johnny cake was to us. As good luck would have it, father sent us some provisions from La Harpe that very day. With all our poverty and hardships, I never heard mother speak one word of complaint, she was so thankful to be with the Saints and hear the teachings of the prophet!

Father planted us a garden that spring. The vegetables grew very fast, but the weeds grew faster, and mother made Riley and me do the weeding (or some of it). We used to say if it were only shady, and we could sit down, it wouldn't be so hard, but to go right out in the hot sun, and stoop over to pull the weeds, we thought it awfully cruel of mother to have us do it. She often used to show us how to do it. It seemed so easy for her. Why, she could pull more weeds in five minutes than we could in half an hour, and still she insisted on us doing it. Oh, the hardships of childhood!

I think it was the latter part of 1843 that my uncle and grandfather went to Springfield, Ill., and from there they kept writing to father, telling of what good times they had found and that coopers were getting higher wages than in any other trade, and if he would come there for awhile, he could get a good start, and would not have to live from hand to mouth, as he was then doing. Although father was hard-working and industrious, he did not seem to get ahead at all, so after awhile he decided to go. Mother was very loth to leave Nauvoo and hoped it would be for only a short time. There was quite a little branch of the Church in Springfield.

In the spring of 1844, we went to Springfield. We had not been there more than two or three months when we got the news of the prophet's death. Mother would not believe it, saying it was a false report, but when it was confirmed, our house was a house of mourning, and I don't think mother could have felt worse if it had been one of her own family. Father got all the work he could do at fair wages, but with a family to support, clothe, house-rent and other expenses to pay, he did not get rich very fast. Then there was another child added to our home. On New Year's day, 1845, Brother George came, and that made us six in family.

My second great grief of childhood came on the fourth of October, 1844, when my dearly loved grandmother Judd left us

EXTERIOR, CARTHAGE JAIL.

for a better world. She was so pleasant and kind to all! Mother loved her as if she were her own mother. I shall never forget how dreadfully I felt! It seemed the sun would never shine again. I was then thirteen and could fully realize our great loss. I could not eat, and slept very little until mother became worried about me, but youth and time obliterate sorrow. Grandmother was sick about two weeks and said from the beginning that she did not want to get well again. After she was in her coffin, one of my young cousins came to look at her. As soon as he saw her he said: "Oh, grandma is laughing," and if that beautiful smile on her face was an indication of her happiness, it was indeed supreme.

After the Saints left Nauvoo, my parents redoubled their exertions to get an outfit to go to the Rocky Mountains. In the meantime, father had one or two quite sick spells which put him back considerably. How well I remember what a hard time he had breaking in the animals to draw the wagon. There were six cows and two oxen. The oxen were well broken and quite sedate, but the cows were wild and unruly. He would get help to yoke them up, and then would start to drive them. All at once, they would run off in an opposite direction to where he wanted them to go, or would run around the back of the wagon, and get all tangled up. Well, this went on for days and days, and while father was breaking the cattle, mother was praying. She told me afterwards that many nights when we were in bed asleep that she would go out into the orchard at the back of our house, and there pour out her soul in prayer, asking the Lord to open the

way for us to go with the Saints. She was willing to share their privations for the sake of being with them.

Another source of anxiety to mother was that I was now in my 'teens, at the romantic age of seventeen, and mother, knowing the susceptibility of the human heart, was afraid that some young man might persuade me to think more of him than I did of her, and induce me to remain in the east. She could not live away from the Church, and she could not leave a child behind. So my parents said we must not stay at Springfield any longer.

After weeks of hard work, father had the cows broken so that he could drive them, and on the ninth day of May, 1849, my brother Riley's sixteenth birthday, we said good-bye to our friends and relatives, got into our wagon, and started on our long, eventful journey. Oh, how mother's countenance beamed with joy!

ROOM IN CARTHAGE JAIL WHERE THE MARTYRDOM OCCURRED.

What did she care for hardships, if she could only reach the goal?

I will relate one of many little romances. The night before we left, my true lover, Henry Ridgley, came to bid me farewell, and under our trysting tree (a big tree close by) we each vowed eternal constancy—for four years, at least. At the end of that time, he would be of age, and then he would come to claim me for his own, even if I was at the end of the earth. Well, he did come to see me, but it was forty years after instead of four years. He had a wife and three children. I had a husband and was the mother of thirteen children. The romance of youth was gone—

the reality was here. How we did talk of the long past, and laugh at each other's inconstancy. After a pleasant two weeks' visit with us, he returned to Springfield, and in five years after I received a letter from his wife, telling me of his death.

On our first night after starting on our journey, we camped on the prairie. Father unyoked the cattle, and turned them out to feed on the grass, looking after them carefully to keep them from straying away. We had packed up enough fuel to make a good fire, and mother was getting supper, when all at once there came a most terrific thunder storm. The rain poured down in torrents, and we were all drenched, although we got into the wagon as soon as we could. The wind blew the rain with such force that the wagon was very little protection. Of course, the fire was put out, and it was cold comfort for supper that night. However, the next morning the sun shone brightly, everything got dry, and we jogged on our journey.

I don't remember how long we were in reaching Council Bluffs, but I do remember that we camped there one month waiting for companies to be made up. They had to be organized for protection against the Indians. Oh, the monotony of camp life when we were not traveling. How delighted we all were when we started on our journey for good. Everything was bright and beautiful. I was young and healthy. All was "color de rose" for me. The responsibilities, anxieties and cares rested on my parents.

In traveling as we did, one day was very like another. After jogging along all day we camped at night. The men took care of the cattle, while the women got supper. After that was over the young folks generally made a bon-fire and sat around it, talked, told stories, sung songs, etc. There were several nice young men in our company, which made it interesting for the girls.

On the Fourth of July we camped for the day, not entirely to celebrate, but to wash and do mending and various other things that were necessary. We camped in a pretty place near a creek. I was to wash, with Phebe's help. She was only twelve, but very energetic. We selected a place, quite secluded, close to the creek where we could have plenty of water. Well, we were making suds, when a dapper young gentleman from New York, a nephew of our captain, who was on his way to California, discovered us and brought a bottle of wine and a large piece of delicious fruit cake which was made to celebrate the Fourth on the plains.

It was a rather embarassing position to accept this compliment in the midst of soiled linen and soap suds, and I had not been introduced to him before. However, I accepted the cake and wine with great patriotism, and from that time on he often called at our wagon—that is, our wagon yard. Everyone was supposed to own all the land that was occupied by ox yokes, camp

kettles, and everything that goes to make an outfit for traveling, so when any of the young folks called, I was as much at home sitting on an ox yoke as if I were sitting in an easy chair in a parlor. Such is life on the plains.

There were several very nice young men in our company, especially one. He used to say such lovely things to me—told me that I was beautiful and intelligent, and even went so far as to say that I was amiable, something I had never been accused of before. Said I was the only woman that he ever loved, and that we were just suited to each other. I began to believe him, and when he proposed, what could I say but yes. Well, the course of true love did run smooth, at least, until we got into the valley. There we had the usual lover's quarrel, but not the usual making up. In a short time, he let me know that another girl appreciated him, if I did not. He married one of the girls of our company, whose ignorance he had ridiculed to me many times while on our journey. Such is the constancy of man! I understood she made him a good wife, but stood in great awe of him, the man who had honored her so highly. The fates sometimes do interfere with our plans, all for our best good.

My brother drove an ox team across the plains for a widow and her little girl. The little girl was very sweet and amiable, the mother rather peculiar. He said that she would ask more questions in a day than ten men could answer in a week. He was a born joker, and could no more help joking than he could help breathing. He could never tell her anything so absurd or ridiculous but what she believed it. He got so tired of her questions, such as, "Riley, I wonder how far we have traveled today, and I wonder how far we will travel tomorrow," "I wonder if we will get to water," "I wonder if we will see Indians, and I wonder what they will do," "Will they be friendly or savage?"

The "wondering" got so monotonous Riley could hardly stand it. At last he had his revenge, when we came in sight of Chimney Rock. (Anybody who has crossed the plains either by wagon or rail will remember seeing this landmark). It is very tall and shaped something like a smokestack, and probably centuries old. At the rate we traveled it could be seen several days before we reached it. She began her speculations about the rock, and he told her in a most confidential way that as soon as we got to it, he was going to push it down; that he was sick and tired of hearing so much about Chimney Rock, and that it had stood there long enough anyway. As soon as he got his hands on it, over it would go. Well, she begged and implored him to let it stand, that other emigrants might see it who came after us, but he was obdurate. She then threatened to tell "Brother Brigham" when she got to the Valley. That was always her last resort. He

CHIMNEY ROCK, WYOMING.

kept her anxiety at fever heat for two days until we were within about a half mile of it. He then gave in to her pleadings, and said he would let it stand. She was so delighted that she gave him an extra good dinner and supper that day.

He little intended that his last joke with her should turn out as it did. By the way of amusement, he had been telling her before we came to the last canyon, Emigration, that her wagon was going to tip over, in fact, he knew it would. She said that if it did she would tell "Brother Brigham." Sure enough it did tip clear over down the hill, and lit on the bows. It was a very hard canyon for men to drive down, and Riley was awfully surprised. He was only a boy and was terribly frightened. No one worked harder than he did to get it righted. With the help of the men in camp, he got it up into the road, which was very sideling. The wagon looked very dilapidated, with the bows all smashed down, but very little damage was done to the contents, and as it was our last day before entering the valley, the widow managed very well. Riley never heard whether she told "Brother Brigham" or not.

After jogging along several hundred miles without incident, the monotony was finally broken by our cattle stampeding. It seemed the longer we went and the harder the cattle worked, the easier they became frightened.

The one that terrified me the most was the night stampede. We had had one or two before in the daytime, so the cattle were prepared for another at any moment. Our company was coun-

seled to corral their animals every night, perhaps on account of the Indians, or it might have been because of the large herds of buffalo that we saw daily.

At night the cattle were always turned out to feed for a while. They were watched and herded, then brought into the corral for the night. The corral was made with wagons formed in a large circle, with the wheels touching each other, with one opening left to drive them in, then log chains were put across the opening, so that the enclosure was perfectly secure. We were in a buffalo country. We had heard what a terrible thing their stampedes were, and that not long before a large herd had started on their mad run, and when those in front came to a high bluff of the Platte River, they dashed in and made a bridge for the last ones, who trampled to death and drowned their companions.

One night, about two o'clock, our whole camp were peacefully sleeping, when all at once there came an awful sound of tramping and bellowing. The ground shook, our wagon trembled and rocked. It flashed through my mind in a moment that a herd of buffalo was stampeding, and that we would all be trampled to death, so I covered up my head and prepared to die. Mother soon called out to Phebe and myself; as there was no sound from our little bed-room (the front end of the wagon), I gave a smothered answer from under the bed clothes that I was alive. All at once there was another crashing noise. It was our own cattle, broken out of the corral. Something had frightened them, and then they started on their wild, mad run. They ran around and around inside, and then broke through the log-chains. Nothing could stay them, and they scattered over the country for miles and miles. It took our men days and days to gather them back again, and a sorry looking lot they were, those that were left, for some died from exhaustion, and others were killed.

One pair of the captain's cows had run up a very steep hill, fallen backwards and broken their necks—which made one pair less to pull his wagon and one pair less to milk. (Oh, the delicious milk! What a luxury on the plains.) In that stampede there were two or three men hurt—one quite badly. He was a gold digger going to California, who had overtaken us and was traveling with our company awhile. The California emigrants traveled much faster than the "Mormon" emigrants. In trying to stop the cattle this emigrant was knocked down and trampled on, and his groans were piteous.

I did not see the injured man again until one day the next winter, when he called on us in the Valley. During all the time he was there he was down on his knees. He could stand up, but could not sit down. I never heard from him again after he left for the gold mines.

Old cattle-men say that tame, domestic horned cattle are the craziest and wildest of all animals in a stampede. It is very singular, but they seem to start all at once, just as if a bolt had struck every one at the same instant.

(*To be continued.*)

There was an Unhappy Woman.

By Annie G. Lauritzen.

There was an unhappy woman—of dignity, pride and reserve.
Thinking that all should serve her, her mandates all should serve;
Wherever she went she was slighted, and while everything said applied
To her delicate, finer feelings, and often she wept and sighed.

She decided to search the Scriptures, some comfort in them to find;
And oh, what sweet joy and comfort was brought to her sinking mind.
She read of the mission of Jesus who went about doing great good,
Teaching, comforting, healing, saving all that he could.
She read in the blessed beatitudes those promises he let fall,
"Let him who would be greatest among you, become the servant of all."
Deciding to copy her Master, whose complete effacement of self
Caused him to be worshiped by Saints, despisers of pride and pelf,

She's now a most happy woman, whose life is grand and sublime.
She has a kind word for all—she's doing good all the time;
Earth's good things are hers to enjoy, from duty she doesn't swerve,
She is the happiest woman alive, for she now has learned to serve.

She is cheerful and gentle and loving, since she has learned how to live,
Her sorrows are swallowed in joys, since she has learned how to forgive;
She is free from the cunning of Satan, who sought to allure her to sin,
Her hours are spent in seeking the souls of her loved ones to win;
Honor and glory and wisdom wait on her unselfish call,
For she loves and has patience with all, and she is now loved by all.

The Paymaster.

By Lucy S. Burnham.

Teta stood in the open doorway, gazing with anxious eyes across the dreary stretch of desert land.

As far as the eye could see, there stretched before her gaze, sand, hot, dazzling sand. Teta was alarmed at the strange, new rebellion that filled her heart today,and a question as new and strange seemed to stand out in letters of fire before her weary brain. Had they been over-zealous in the work of the Lord that they had given their all for the gospel's sake? It was just before little Edith was born that Dwight had been called on his mission. How tender Dwight had been to her during the long, anxious time of waiting, and when the call had come he seemed stunned at the thought of leaving her to go down the valley of deep shadow, without him there to comfort and help her with his love. During the days that followed before his leaving, Teta often caught him looking at her with a gaze that was almost worshipful.

She wondered now at the strange, new calm that had settled upon her as Dwight took her in his arms at parting, his face all white and drawn and the laughter all turned to pain in his big, blue eyes.

How she ever endured the month that followed she never knew, but when her first born was laid in her arms, by her own dear mother, she took a new hold on life and was soon her old self again.

She had seen all their hard savings dwindle away and even the little home, to which Dwight had taken her as a bride, sold that Dwight might fill his mission.

Job's comforters there were, who told her plainly they had been silly to make such sacrifices, and that it was not required of any one to undergo such hardships, and she had very spiritedly replied: "Perhaps it is not necessary or required, yet if we do it willingly, I am sure God will accept and bless us for it. I am so glad for Dwight's sake, for he needed the experience so much."

And yet today this question would gnaw at her vitals, for within the darkened room lay her baby, sick nigh unto death, for want of help, and she was alone in this desert.

Pacing back and forth between the crib and the open door in her sleepless agony, as one in a dream, she lived over the past and what had brought them to this lonely place. On Dwight's return from his mission in the late fall, penniless, work was scarce, so he had accepted the first position offered him, that of foreman on a

big cattle ranch in northwestern New Mexico. He had not intended to take her with him.

"It is too lonely a place, Teta," he had told her; "I will get along someway, and in the spring, perhaps, I can secure work nearer home."

She had answered him out of a full heart: "Dwight, where you go I will go. Your home shall be my home."

The winter had not been altogether bad. Dwight had worked hard during the day, but he was near her, and the long evenings together paid for all the day's loneliness. The summer which followed had been hot and dry, no rain falling, and the big stretches of meadow land were now only patches of hot, dry sand. Water was scarce, and the worried foreman and weary cowboys were in the saddle constantly trying to keep the roving, restless herd under control.

At last the owner had decided it necessary to move the cattle, and yesterday Dwight had ridden with his cowboys on a round-up and had left Teta with only an Indian boy for company.

Soon after he rode away little Edith had shown symptoms of illness. All day and all night Teta had applied her scanty remedies, but baby Edith steadily grew worse. Goaded to desperation but a few hours ago, she had sent the Indian boy to find Dwight.

The desert and its loneliness had never seemed as terrible to her as now. Oh, if she could only get help of some kind!

How she longed for her mother, or even the good old country doctor who had attended the people of her home town for years! She had never known his skill and his faith to fail. If she were only in her old home town! Had they then been truly unwise, and must they suffer for it now?

A little moaning sound aroused her from her deep thought; giving the landscape one last hurried search, she flew inside to the cradle. A sharp pain pierced her heart as she noted the little flushed face and gasping breath of her baby. She must have help of some kind, and that soon, too. No tears came now, her eyes were dry and hard. This, then, was how they were to be paid for their sacrifice, foolishness—call it what you would! To see her baby die and she alone, alone, indeed, if God was deaf to her cry.

With a low, choking sob, she ran to the door, to take up her blinding search once more.

This time was she to be rewarded? Or was she crazy? Had her mind become so intent on one thought, help, that her weary brain reproduced, in the distant haze, what she so desired to see?

Wearily she brushed her hand across her eyes in an uncertain way, then fairly gasped. In the distance now could be seen two human beings slowly approaching. It could not be Dwight and the Indian boy, for these two men were walking. The fretful voice of her baby was calling again. She bathed the little hot face,

soothed it as best she could, and then kneeling by the bed and burying her face in the pillow, she sobbed out her gratitude: "Oh, baby Edith, help is coming. God has not forsaken us!" Then in a repentant mood she prayed, "Oh, God, forgive me, forgive."

She arose from her knees and went to the door. The men were very near now; she could not distinguish their features, but she could see they were respectable-looking men. One man carried a small grip. He kept changing it from hand to hand as he walked—a gesture she knew so well as belonging to Dr. Lloyd, the one person she longed for most beside Dwight. Could it possibly be he? He went often to Crown Point (an Indian agency) she knew.

Nearer and nearer they came, and she bounded out to meet them, now recognizing him beyond a doubt.

"Oh, Doctor Lloyd," she sobbed, "it was God who sent you here, I am sure."

The doctor took both hands of the now hysterical girl, and added dryly:

"I thought it was a broken-down machine, but maybe you are right. Be it as it may, I am glad I am here, if you need me. Is Dwight sick?"

"No, no; it is baby Edith who is sick. Oh, doctor, she is dying, I tell you, dying."

"Come, child," the doctor said kindly, "you must calm yourself. If the baby is sick, she needs our best efforts at once."

He led Teta into the house, and while she was bravely fighting for calm, he took off his dusty coat, opened his medical case, and then, as the examination went on, Teta told him of the baby's symptoms and all she had done for her. She had great confidence in the good old doctor. Of course, he could save Edith. Had he not done so time and again?

"Pneumonia," the doctor told her, "you have done all any one could do, and now it is up to me, and I will do my best. Where is Dwight? I wish he were here."

Teta told of Dwight's absence and how she had sent the boy for him. "I feel sure they will come soon," she added.

Swiftly they worked, the doctor giving instructions and Teta calmly carrying them out.

The afternoon faded away, the sun sank to rest beyond the low hills, twilight came and slowly the darkness settled round about them.

In a quiet room, lighted by a single coal-oil lamp, the doctor and Teta sat on either side of the little bed watching the life of the little sufferer slowly ebb away.

Teta was strangely white and quiet. She seemed stupified by what she saw in the countenance of her child. She had such confidence in the doctor's ability, now even that had failed her.

Oh, if only Dwight would come. He seemed her one hope now. It would be terrible to have him come home and find the little girl he loved cold and still forever.

"Oh, Dwight," she murmured aloud, "come, come," and as if in answer to her cry, the sound of a galloping horse was heard. Nearer and nearer it came. A man's voice was heard, sharp and quick, a clink of spurs and Dwight stood in the doorway, his big, stalwart bulk filling the opening.

For one moment he stood, while his eyes took in the two silent watchers and the white, spent form of his baby girl in the cradle. The laugh slowly faded from his eyes, leaving only a dumb questioning. He seemed robbed of power of speech or movement.

Then Teta with a little moaning gesture held out her hands towards him, and in one bound he was kneeling beside her, calling out his baby's name in low, broken tones.

At the sound the little eyelids fluttered and opened, but the blue eyes so like his own, were blurred with delirium.

Dwight took his now sobbing wife in his arms, and over her bowed head he looked squarely into the eyes of the doctor with a mute appeal.

The doctor winced as he slowly shook his head in answer.

Dwight understood, and rising to his feet, he walked with unsteady step to the door. He must have one moment alone, under the stars, to steady himself. The suddenness of the blow seemed to crush him. The Indian boy had told him the child was sick, but to find her thus—

The doctor followed him from the room, leaving Teta still sobbing by the bed. He went directly to the young father who stood in the starlight, bowed in grief like an old man.

Dwight turned sharply at the footsteps, but before he could speak the doctor was addressing him in low fatherly tones.

"Dwight, my boy, you must brace up for your wife's sake. She has endured so much, I really fear for her. I cannot keep from you the fact that your baby is dying now. I would give my right arm if I could save her for you, Dwight, but I can do no more, and we must think of Teta now."

The doctor, forgetting the open door, had spoken louder than he knew, and Teta, kneeling by the bed, had heard every word.

Like one suddenly awakened, she lifted her head, and slowly but surely the faith that had been dormant for hours came to life.

Dwight's voice came to her now, low and broken: "Please allow me one moment to myself, doctor, and I will be strong."

"It is all so sudden. My baby, oh, my baby," he was sobbing now as only a strong man may.

What was the matter with Dwight? cried the mother-heart.

It was not like him to give up so. Was he going to let their baby die without an effort to save her? And she had counted so on him. All her fighting blood was up now, a mother fighting for her young.

With a low cry she ran to the door and the doctor and Dwight turned at her cry.

But this was not the Teta they had left, this woman with head held high, and in her eyes the light of unflinching faith.

"Dwight, doctor," she said, and her voice was low and calm, "what are you talking about? My baby is not going to die."

"Oh, my husband," she said, as she came near and put two strong arms about his neck, "where is your faith? Is it sleeping as mine has been? Dwight," her pleading tones cut the silence, "have you forgotten the wonderful gift of healing you were blessed with while on your mission? Wake up, my husband, wake up. Surely, dear, when your faith availed so much for others, you can exercise it now for our own precious child."

She lifted her eager eyes to his, and as she did so he shook himself as if to get rid of some gripping power.

"You are right, Teta, I was sleeping. Come, doctor," he added, "you will come with us and we will ask the help of the greatest physician of all."

He kissed Teta as reverently as one would a saint, and still holding her hand he walked with a firm, steady step into the house.

He took a bottle of consecrated oil from a shelf near the door and said, "Come, we will pray for our baby."

Pouring some of the holy oil upon the crown of her head, he anointed her in the name of Jesus Christ, and then sealing the anointing, he prayed, as the astonished doctor, now kneeling near Teta, had never heard any one pray before.

The pleading voice filled the room. This man was not praying to a spirit, a Father of doubtful personage, a God without body, parts or passions, everywhere and yet nowhere present. Oh, no! Dwight was praying as if he were face to face with a Father who was very near, and ready and able to bless his children. A new wonder began to dawn in the doctor's heart, a new respect for the strange pepole called "Mormons." After all, could it be possible they were right in their strange views of God? When, in earnest tones, Dwight finished his prayer, the doctor's "Amen" was as earnest as Teta's, and still they knelt in silence. Not one sound could be heard but the ticking of the clock and the labored breathing of the baby.

A moment passed and the breathing seemed to be growing less difficult. The three bowed heads were raised in wonder to see the little eyes wide open.

Two little arms reached for Dwight's neck, butt fell helpless, from weakness, upon her little breast; and a voice so weak, the big boy bending over her could scarcely hear, as she murmured, "Daddy."

The doctor took the little hands in his and, to his joy, found the little pulse growing stronger. He put his hand upon her brow and found it moist. Turning to the still kneeling father and mother, he said, "Lo, a miracle has been performed. Your child will live. All she needs now is good care and a continuation of your great faith."

The next morning, just as the sun came peeping over the hill, flooding the world with its glory, the doctor came into the room to find Teta and Dwight kneeling by the baby sound asleep. The baby was sleeping sweetly. Dwight lay near the baby, his hands still upon her head as if in prayer. Fearful that he would yet lose her, he had knelt with his hands upon her head until, from sheer exhaustion, he had fallen asleep. The sunbeams at the window sill lit up the scene and glorified the bronze and golden head, so near each other, as if in benediction.

The doctor turned to go, but two heads came up in alarm, and the movement awakened the baby. Putting out one little hand she said, "Daddy, Edie hungry."

An hour later, as the doctor was leaving, he took Dwight's hand in evident embarrassment and said, "Dwight, I am going home to read that Book of Mormon you gave me so long ago; and if you will give me more information on your gospel I will promise to read and consider it."

With a hearty handshake the doctor and Dwight parted, Dwight to wonder at the doctor's words and the doctor to wonder at his new experience.

When they were once more alone, Teta confided to Dwight all her bitter rebellion and strange questioning, adding, "Oh, I feel so chastened, so ashamed, I wonder if God can forgive me."

"Of course, he can, and already has forgiven you, dear, for you were not to blame. It was terrible for you to be alone with baby so sick, and I will not chance it happening again. I will send you in to stay with your mother until the round-up is over, and move."

"Dwight took his wife tenderly in his arms as he spoke.

"No, Dwight," Teta replied, "there is no need of your going to all that trouble and expense, for I will not doubt my heavenly Father again. I have had my lesson. He gave to us what no one else could have done. He gave us our baby's life. Surely God is a good paymaster, and he that giveth his time and means to his service, shall some day be paid in full."

Helps for Health Talks.

The main cause of ill health is lack of cleanliness.

The human body is the most wonderful machine in existence. With proper care it will keep in good order for seventy or more years.

Good food, cleanliness, fresh air, exercise, sleep, will keep this machine in good running order.

HEALTH HINTS.

Brush teeth at least once daily.
Keep articles handled by others from your mouth.
Cover mouth when coughing or sneezing.
Wash hands before eating.
Sleep and work with the windows open.
Bathe frequently.

Why Not?

By Mrs. Parley Nelson.

The pathway is rugged, my feet have grown weary,
The skies are o'ercast and the day seems so dreary;
My burden grows heavy as onward I go,
Dear heart, if you love me, why not tell me so?

Love would smooth the rough path, and my heart would be singing,
The skies would seem bright and the joy bells be ringing,
My cross would grow lighter as onward I go,
Dear heart, if you love me, why not tell me so?

Do not wait 'till I've passed through the gateway eternal,
Where the peace and the rest and the joys are supernal;
There the winds of adversity no more shall blow
Dear heart, if you love me, why not tell me so?

More precious are loving words now, than the flowers
Which may cover my grave when I've finished earth's hours,
Then rest will be perfect from sandal to brow;
Dear heart, if you love me, why not tell me now?

History of Instrumental Music.

Brigham Cecil Gates.

Instrumental music is probably nearly as old as vocal music. A baby delights in making rythmic sounds with his pounding hammer on a convenient tin pan or wooden board. Drums are so ancient that we have no record as to when they came into existence. The bird-cries and the twittering melodies were soon imitated by the shepherd on the banks of a river who blew his notes into the reed and learned that various sizes and lengths of reeds made various sounds. The assembly of various sizes of reeds, made from hard woods, constituted the first organ and man soon learned that the pipes could be handled through a key-board and bellows instead of blown upon in turn with his own lips. Flutes and modified instruments grew out of this primary discovery. The horns of animals furnished suggestions for the blasts of trumpets, while conch-shells, on the sea shore, were used by savages for similar purposes.

Bows and arrows furnished the suggestion for the first stringed harps. The twang of the bow differed in sound from its thickness and length and thus taught the early descendants of Cain how to fasten gut strings in varying lengths and thicknesses across a wooden frame. Thus the first lute was made. Harps and, in very modern centuries, violins are the natural outgrowths of these discoveries. Annette Hullah in *A Little History of Music,* says:

"Anybody can make an instrument something like Hermes' lute. A small wooden case does quite well for a sound-box, and if you have gut strings instead of fibre or a thong, as some savages do, it will give quite a good sound. Some of the early instruments of this kind had no box, but a soundboard underneath the strings, with a little bridge under them to prevent them touching the wood, but the sounds are not nearly so loud as when there is a box, because the sound-waves are dispersed instead of being collected."

A piano, which is less than 200 years old, is only a harp laid flat, while a violin, not much older in point of discovery, is merely a string box with a handle added and a cover put on.

Instruments are divided into three classes: percussion instruments, which are struck; stringed instruments, those which are plucked or bowed; wind instruments, those which are blown. The Chinese like things they can bang, and have bells, slabs of wood and slices of bamboo all arranged in rows on a frame, to be hit with a hammer. They have many varieties of flutes and

drums and trumpets. The Hinndus used drums, bag-pipes, cymbals and trumpets. The Hebrews loved the lyre and harp, while they had also cymbals and drums. The Egyptians and Assyrians used all of these instruments, only the Egyptians made them longer and noiser than anybody else. The Greeks refined their music and had flutes, trumpets, pan-pipes, cymbals and small drums. They developed a system of music writing, but they used their alphabet instead of any other note. They had time and rhythm marks for instrumental music, but none for their songs as the singer followed the words of the poems, making each note lasting as long as the syllable. The Romans liked noisier music than the Greeks. They used noisy instruments such as trumpets, cymbals, gongs, castanets, bells and bag-pipes, scorning the soft Greek instruments as not fit for fighting men. Their music was mostly martial music. There was a very powerful musical guild in Rome with special privileges in the temple of Jupiter, and once, when the Roman senate took away their temple privileges, the entire guild went on strike and left the city. The senators had to send a special embassy to beg them to come back, for no entertainments could be given without them, and the priests could not conduct their services. The Romans preferred orchestras or an assemblage of players rather than solos and solo players. The tyrant Nero, however, was so proud of his singing voice and his fiddling gifts that he would sit up all night practicing the odes he was going to sing in public. He used to lie on the floor every day and do breathing exercises, with a chunk of lead across his waist to make him breathe from the diaphram. He naturally won all the musical prizes. One day an organ was sent him by a Greek inventor, different from any he had ever seen, and while he was unpacking it and trying it, his legions revolted and Rome burned.

Perhaps the Welsh people had the earliest music in Europe, that is the Celts; but the Teutons were also fond of music and had their crude instruments and sang their warlike songs.

In Rome the Christians had been meeting in the catacombs, singing their hymns and psalms together. When Christianity became popular, the Christians refused to adopt the pagan music about them, and so there was a great sameness in their church singing. We do not know whether the early Christian music was taken from the Romans, Hebrews, or Greeks, but we do know that they sang their hymns and chants alternately, because Pliny, who lived 112 years after the Christian Era, writes about their music.

When Constantine, in the fourth century, made the Christian religion popular, fine churches were built, with large choirs, and the priests took over the singing altogether.

In the beginning of the fifth century a bishop named Ambrose, in Milan, did a great deal for music. He shortened the chants, made new ones, wrote cheerful music and had his singers practice hard, adding to their voices the organ and lyre. However, even these singers sang only one note to each syllable, so that everyone could hear what was said. Over in Rome they sang two or three notes to each syllable, so that one word had a whole string of notes sung with it. This was called the Gregorian style or fashion, after Pope Gregory. There was a great deal of contention over these two methods, and for many centuries Charlemagne (King of the Franks 800-814) the Great, was as fine a musician as he was a soldier. He played the lute, composed songs and had singing taught in all the schools as one of the fixed studies. He himself went about in his travels through the schools and churches correcting, advising and encouraging music. He introduced organs from Constantinople, where they were made in his day.

The mediæval monks introduced harmony, using fourths and fifths, but the parts were all the same length, just the same quantity of notes in each and lasting the same time. A monk named Guido Arezzo, in 1020, invented the syllables to sing by, although they used only what we would call the white notes on the piano, and their school was different from ours.

The evolution of the violin took place in the 17th century. Some say it came from the Welch *crwth* and some think it evolved from oriental lutes, but certain it is that the violin, as we know it today, developed rapidly and culminated sharply in 1611 at Cremona, Italy. The Amati family and Stradivari, who died in 1737, made the most renowned and perfect violins known to history. Even modern art has not equalled, much less surpassed, these wonderful and rare violins. Many instruments grew out of the little fiddle: little viols and big viols, some with long necks, some with short, some round, some flat, others with large curves and some with small.

The next wonderful instrument evolved in these modern times is the piano. The organ itself had a natural evolutionary process from pipes and reeds, while the piano is simply a harp laid down in a box. The earliest piano was called the spinet; then came the harpsichord, used as early as the 16th century but associated with the organ until the 17th century. In the 18th century Paris and London had excellent manufactories of good harpsichords. The pianoforte is essentially a keyboard-dulcimer. It was not, however, before 1800 that the pianoforte began to take the place of the harpsichord and these were exceedingly small and confined as to keys and action. And not until the middle of the last century were there pianos such as we now use. Erard, in 1831, invented the repeating action and made a

grand piano. The organ, too, although of ancient manufacture, was not known in its present splendid condition until the recent centuries. The last hundred years has seen wonderful growth and development in all musical instruments.

MUSIC IN CHURCH AND RELIEF SOCIETY SERVICE.

We know that music has formed a great part of divine worship, from the creation of this earth, as doubtless it does in the worlds beyond this life. All intelligent Latter-day Saints should learn some primary facts concerning the history of music, and its value to us as a people, and they should acquaint themselves with the foundation principles of vocal and instrumental music. Music has developed as rapidly in the last hundred years as science or education have. The complex and intricate forms and modes of music known today require years of study and application to understand, much more to produce. However, there is no reason why all women in the Relief Society should not know a few of the elements of good music and how to enjoy that which they hear.

Harmony is, musically speaking, a just adaptation of parts to each other in musical concord. We know that our Father in heaven loves harmony. We should see that all our children are trained to have an accurate sense of time and tune, even if they do not inherit it. The ear of the natural msuician is as greatly pained by discords in music as he would be by listening to people quarrel. Some voices sing a little off pitch, either too flat or too sharp, especially too flat. Such singers are an abomination in a choir, especially if the voice be strong and dominating.

When music began to develop and was divided, in the middle ages, into sacred and secular music, the church music was very slow, with prolonged notes and few but swelling chords; while the secular music was gay and cheerful, with tripping notes and trilling cadences which expressed merriment and pleasure. The first attempt at writing opera music took cognizance of these facts, and the music was written in tripping measures, enriched with trills and rulades for the principal singers, while the music in the churches remained quiet and soft, delivered in slow time and with careful emphasis. It was supposed that in this way religious people expressed their worship of God, for they imagined ordinary human emotions, such as laughter and gaiety, with birds singing and the breeze playing, could not be expressed properly in church music. Even today this distinction is kept with more or less clearness.

A very potent union of emotion or feeling is expressed through the words which accompany the music. Indeed, the mu-

sician usually has a set of words to which he composes his music, suiting the strains and harmonies he devised to fit the meaning of the words which are before him. Note the martial music composed by Elder George Careless for the words, "Hark, listen to the trumpeters." Observe, also, the pathos of that lovely music which he wrote for Henry W. Naisbitt's funeral poem, "Rest for the weary soul."

This thought suggests suitability in choice of music which the choir leader should study, and adapt her music to the time and the occasion. Love songs do not fit in well at religious assemblies, nor do rollicking instrumental pieces belong on our religious programs. If you are to have a special service for Anniversary Day, or Christmas, or Easter time, see that your choice of music fits in with the spirit of the occasion.

Melody is as susceptible of variety and change as our human emotions are, or as are the songs of birds and bees and waves. Now, when harmony is added, and there are chords of music developed, these add infinite sources of variety and change, the combinations are infinite, and almost an inconceivable number of composers exist today writing so-called new melodies and devising new combinations of harmonic chords and accompaniments.

We hear people speak of classical music and romantic music, of good music and poor music. Just what they mean is difficult for the ordinary person to understand. An ordinary definition would be that classical, or good music, never tires those who hear it, while cheap and poor music soon wearies and bores the hearers. Yet all music serves a purpose in life, and adds to its enjoyment, quieting the nervous, stilling the evil impulses, and developing within a love of God, nature, and man. As an example of classical music united to beautiful words we have: "Rest on the hillside, rest," by our two home authors, Henry W. Naisbitt and George Careless; "Come, thou glorious day of promise," also by home authors, Alexander Neibaur and A. C. Smyth; "O awake, my slumbering minstrel," by Eliza R. Snow and Evan Stephens. As an example of cheap and poor music we have such ballads as: "Smiles," "I'll say she does," and "Wee, wee, Marie."

June Magic.

By Morag.

June, 'tis June, Year's high noon;
Earth's a-bloom with roses rare,
Honeysuckles scent the air,
Flowers springing everywhere.
Hearts in tune, Honeymoon,
June, 'tis June!

June! 'tis June, Life's high noon;
Perfect days, pleasant ways,
Life's rich blessings crown your days.
Lift your soul in grateful praise,
Night comes soon! Keep in tune.
June, 'tis June.

The month of June brings to us the magic fulfilment of our hopes of early Spring, a reward for our labors during the planting time. Many of the earlier annuals and perennial plants are now in full bloom. Here we find the hardy buttercup, the sweet williams and columbines. The lilacs, iris and peonies are followed by the wonderful roses, honeysuckles, and many others. Now is the time to thin out the plants in the annual borders, transplant zinnias, snapdragons, stocks, asters, cosmos, etc.

Plant out all your winter flowering geraniums, fuchias, etc. Cuttings may now be taken and rooted in the sand box, or tiny pots of earth. Pinch plants back to promote branching, and remove all buds, and your flowers for next winter are assured.

Cut back your houseplants and repot into larger pots, using a mixture of one-third good soil, one-third sand, and one-third well-rotted manure. Set the pots out of doors in a partly shaded spot, water sparingly, and let them have a rest period during the hotter months of the year.

One flower that should be grown in every home garden is the aster. The easiest way to grow asters is to sow the seed in an especially prepared bed. This can be done in late April or the early days of May. Asters will do well in any ordinary soil, but do best of all on sandy, mellow soil which has been well fertilized during the previous summer or autumn. If manure is added in spring, see to it that it is well rotted, for fresh fertilizer is certain death to asters. When the seedlings are about three inches high, transplant to permanent bed or border. Plant when

soil is moist but not wet, and have plants from ten to eighteen inches apart, according to variety; the tall, branching variety need more room. Cultivate deeply. Water thoroughly, but not too often. Asters do well in partial shade.

When the flower buds have formed, a mulch of lawn clippings will help retain the moisture in the soil and prevent the opening flowers from being soiled by the storm. Asters usually find a good market as cut flowers, and for boquets and decorative pieces are especially prized, both for their wonderful range of colors and the length of time they will keep fresh in water.

Full particulars as to varieties, time of blooming and culture may be found in any good flower catalog or garden guide. We can especially recommend the one issued by James Vicks Sons, Rochester, New York, who are aster specialists of international reputation, and whose flower and vegetable seeds are thoroughly reliable and moderate in prices.

All spring bulbs, as hyacinths, tulips, etc., should now be dug up, dried, and put away ready for next fall's planting, and their places filled in with summer flowers.

Lawns now require to be mowed weekly ,and edgings trimmed nicely, and the flower beds hoed and raked after each shower or watering, for if weeds are not kept down as they first appear, double the labor will be required to eradicate them next month.

Cuttings, or young plants of chrysanthmums, if started now, will give fine flowering plants for fall flowering.

FAITH.

By Grace Ingles Frost.

There sounds from the dusk of the even,
No longer the katydid's cry,
The rain drips from eaves and from branches,
A veil hath been drawn o'er the sky,
That hides all its blue from my vision,
And the gold of the sun is hid, too,
But well do I know still is gleaming,
'Round the mist and the gray of that pall,
The shine of a wonderful gladness,
And God within reach of my call.

The House of Gifts

Clara S. Fagergren.

The month of May was a veritable month of birthdays in the house of Hopkins. Mother's birthday came on the fifth; Jane's came on the day following. Father celebrated his on the seventeenth, and Jim squeezed in his birthday on the last day of the month.

It had always been the custom in the Hopkins family to duly acknowledge and celebrate every birthday anniversary of its members by appropriate gifts and ceremonies. This year was to be no exception to the established rule, and preparations for the coming birthdays had been under way for some time in much secrecy, and much inward enjoyment of the various members of the family.

Mother's birthday dawned cold and clear. She was greeted on her descending into the living-room by the assembled family; a bright log-fire—built with elaborate care by Jim in honor of the occasion—shone upon Jane's colored crepe paper decorations on the curtains and chandeliers and rested warmly on a bowl-ful of fragrant violets, the first of the season, gathered with much patience and care by six-year-old Elsie, from under the south bay window.

Mother glanced about the cheerful room appreciatively, and smiled. Noticing the listening attitude of the family, and knowing she was expected to make the customary complimentary speech, she exclaimed in honest admiration:

"How beautiful!" Great delight and satisfaction among father and the children. "How exquisite!" she went on, in genuine ecstasy, "and to think of your going to all this trouble for me. I'm sure I appreciate it and I thank you all," she concluded, feelingly, kissing them all in turn.

But the real treat was yet to come. Mysterious-looking bundles were brought from impossible hiding places, and mother was compelled to sit in the seat of honor—the big Morris chair by the fire-place, the while untying and commending the gifts.

Jane brought out a high, thick, and round package—a great curiosity and many guesses as to what it could be—when mother cut the string which was wound around the thing horizontally, perpendicularly, and diagonally, revealing to their admiring gaze an expensive aluminum cooking set, the kind in which the pans fit one on top of the other so as to save gas, by cooking the whole meal over one flame, all joined in gleeful shouts.

"Now, that's what I call real thoughtfulness," said mother, noticing the eager look on Jane's rosy face. "Perhaps I'll get a gas range some day, then I'll be able to use these pretty utensils. I'm not so particular about the space on the coal range; I will save these useful pans for future use." She put the aluminum ware to one side with a little inward sigh, mentally figuring that the amount of money that had been spent on them would have bought her goods for a new dress.

Elsie now brought out a long, curious-looking package, tied up in a lot of newspapers with much string. It proved to be a brand new broom, bought with her savings of nickels and dimes. Mother was visibly affected by her youngest daughter's act of unselfishness—because it was an open secret that Elsie hated to part with money; she preferred to make her presents out of the scrap bag—and she fairly hugged the breath out of the delighted girl.

"To think that a child of your age could notice that I needed a new broom," she exulted. "You'll make a good housekeeper some day, if you thus keep your eyes open to the needs of your house."

Father was seen to be looking rather nervously out of the window every once in a while. He looked anxiously up and down the street while consulting the clock every few minutes as if he were expecting something or somebody. At last he drew a sigh of relief as a furniture van came in sight and finally stopped in front of the house. Two husky fellows yanked a piece of furniture out, and lifting it on their broad shoulders, came up the steps leading to the front door, which was opened by father who told them to bring their load right into the living-room.

"A new dining-room table! How nice of you to think of one," ejaculated mother, noticing with one glance that it matched neither the dining-room chairs nor the buffet, but had a peculiar style all its own with its carved legs and square corners. She had secretly wished for a round table, and had hoped to get an entire new dining-room set some day; the chairs were battered up and shabby-looking, too.

Father surveyed his gift proudly. "I overheard you saying that our dining-room table was a disgrace, and I don't wonder if it is. Think of the many years it has been in use. No wonder it is all scratched and banged up. I picked out a good substantial table this time, one that will last us for the rest of our lives." He stroked the shining surface of the table and looked at mother for further approval of his gift.

"It is just the very thing I've wanted," she fibbed bravely, determined not to mar the pleasure of the day by any remark that might hurt his feelings. "You always did anticipate my wishes, and I'm sure you have an excellent taste for choosing

furniture. You must have paid a big price for it, too," she concluded, wistfully, picturing in her mind's eye the large, massive table, in the somewhat cramped-for-space dining room.

"Don't let the price of it bother you in the least," retorted father, generously. "It pays to get a good article. What's a few dollars more or less when you get something for the house, something that we can all enjoy."

"Now we can have regular dinner parties," said June, joyfully. "That table, when pulled out to its full capacity, should seat thirty people."

Mother readily assented to this proposition, though she knew it to be an utter impossibility to crowd that many people into the dining room.

It was now Jim's turn to give his present. He fumbled bashfully in his pocket for a moment and brought out a handful of loose change, which he laid in his mother's work-seamed hand.

"Here's two dollars and seventy-nine cents," he blurted. "It's all I've been able to save since Christmas. Perhaps it will buy you a pair of gloves or something." He backed away shamefacedly for not being able to give more, when the others had given such magnificent presents.

Tears stood in mother's eyes as she frankly kissed the embarassed boy and whispered in his ear that his present was the best of them all. He had given all he possessed; that was an unselfish and noble act.

The boy glowed with pride and satisfaction on hearing the praise that was meant only for himself, and repaired in high spirits to the dining-room for the belated breakfast.

Mother spent the rest of the day in the pleasant living-room receiving her old-time friends who called to wish her many happy returns of the day. In the evening the regular birthday dinner was served, when mother was not allowed to rise from the table, but was waited upon by the other members of the family, as if she were a queen. Taking it all around, mother's birthday was a huge success.

The same decorations served for Jane's birthday anniversary, which was celebrated the day after mother's. Jane came downstairs earlier than usual, eager and expectant for the presents which she knew would be hers. The whole family was there to greet her, and her quick eyes swept the room in search of packages, of which several were in full view on the table.

Father gave his offering first. There was an exclamation of delight from Jane as she opened a small box and gazed at a pretty necklace. She must try it on immediately. It certainly did look well against her white neck. How the girls would envy her! This last thought gave her an inner feeling of satisfaction that increased her geniality considerably. Jim gave her a box of

handkerchiefs, and Elsie gave her a little bag that she had made, of the use of which she didn't have a very clear conception herself, but it was left for Jane to figure out its value. Jane duly acknowledged the gifts and thanked them all, waiting breathlessly for mother's present; it would surely be something that she wanted; she had hinted openly at wanting a blue silk party dress.

Mother finally pulled a big box from under the table. Great excitement and curiosity from the assembled crowd. Jane untied the wrappings with trembling hands and disclosed to their curious looks a set of dishes.

A set of dishes! She looked up, too much disappointed for words, at mother, who was regarding her seriously.

"I thought this present would be most appropriate," she explained, "You always complain when washing dishes of their being cracked, and of their being odds and ends of them. You said dish-washing would become a pleasure if you had pretty dishes to wash. I'm sure you'll enjoy washing these; each dish has a bluebird on."

Jane swallowed her tears and thanked her mother dutifully, though a trifle listlessly. The idea! A set of dishes! Something that the whole family could have the use of. What could be the matter with mother? Somehow she felt as if the day were spoiled, although her mother had taken great pains to prepare her favorite dishes for dinner, and had made a gorgeous birthday cake for her which was resplendent with eighteen candles.

Father came downstairs smiling on the morning of the seventeenth, enjoying beforehand his reading of Carlyle's books, a set of which he was sure would be his gift from mother. He had voiced his preference for that set of books more than once, and mother's mind was marvelously quick to grasp suggestions.

He found the living-room decorated in flowers in honor of the day—a sunburst of twisted crepe paper radiating from the chandelier to the four corners of the room—like a huge, green, four-cornered emblem. Ferns were fastened to the curtains, and a boquet of carnations occupied the center table. Father looked around approvingly, habitually seating himself in his accustomed chair and waited for the beginning of the ceremonies.

The children waited expectantly for mother to bring out the present—it was to be only one, because the family had pooled their savings and combined their gift. Mother made the presentation speech a trifle tremulously, while father looked curiously at the big, odd-shaped bundle—very much unlike a package of books—on the table.

"You have always taken such an interest in the house," she said, "on that account we have bought you something very useful.

It is a wonderful invention and time-saver, as well as being sanitary and a device you will enjoy using."

The wrappings were undone wonderingly by father, and his astonished eyes beheld an electric vacuum cleaner, so useful in cleaning carpets and upholstered goods, but not exactly the present he had been wishing for.

"Now you won't have to beat carpets any more!" chipped in Jim, cheerfully. "Let me show you how it works," and he suited his actions to his words, fastening the cord in a socket and running the vacuum cleaner lustily up and down on the carpet.

Father looked at his son's performance in silence. The gift was appropriate in a way. It was incredible, however, for mother to be giving household presents. She had always given something personal, something individual, some little surprise intended only for the receiver of her present; and now to begin to give something that can be used in the housekeeping apparatus! Father felt puzzled and aggravated.

The usual birthday dinner was served that evening to the assembled family and a few of father's old cronies. The boquet of carnations had been transferred to the dining-room table—mother's birthday present—the ornamented birthday cake reposed close by them; father's favorite oyster scallop and roast beef were served out in generous portions, and the meal was finished off with caramel ice cream, and after-dinner candy.

Father, warmed and satisfied by the delicious meal, looked over at mother a couple of times before clearing his throat and saying his little speech:

"There seems to have been something wrong with the presents we have been giving you, mother," he said, apologetically. "We have always given you something that could be used in the house or for the comfort of all of us. Have you ever received anything but lace curtains, teaspoons, rugs, dishes and pictures! We have never given you anything for your own personal self, and you, being the most unselfish person in the world, have never uttered one word of complaint or dissatisfaction. For my part, I'm going to remedy this fault in the future. I'll give you the money that I will lay aside for your birthday present, providing you promise to buy something for yourself; something that the whole family can't use; something that you want in the way of clothes or amusement. Not one cent of it is to be spent for the family; let them have their turn on their birthdays."

Mother looked at father and smiled gratefully. She knew in her heart there had been times when she had wished her presents to be different. But she had always been loyal and cheerful

about her gifts, making the givers believe that they had given her the very things that she had wanted.

Jane flushed guiltily when she recalled the various gifts she had given her mother. They were mostly things to be used in the house. Jim spoke in opportune time from the other end of the table: "Since we are to have our choice of gifts, let me tell you right here that I want a baseball suit for my birthday. I've been afraid you might give me a rake and a shovel with which to make a garden in the spring. If I can't have a baseball suit, I don't want anything, so there." He clinched his appeal by looking at mother for approval. She answered him with an understanding smile and said:

"I'll tell you what we will do. You can have the money with which to buy your baseball suit and go down town and pick it out yourself; then you will be sure to be suited."

Our Temple Mothers.

By James Kirkham, Sr.

Mothers of virtue, truth and right,
Adorned in garments pure and white,
They're guiding stars for those who will
Battle for truth and Israel.

Aiding those who enter in
To temple courts for blessings holy,
Redeeming souls from death and sin,
Their reward in heaven only.

Cheering those who are poor and aged,
Counseling our favored youth,
Helping up the lost and fallen,
Teaching them the ways of truth.

Then blessed be our temple mothers.
Ever cherished may they be,
Clothed in robes of righteousness,
Crowned with immortality.

THE OFFICIAL ROUND TABLE

Conducted by Mrs. Clarissa S. Williams and Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman.

The *Boston Transcript* in a little article entitled "Women Outrank Men," says: "The woman continues to be a better student than the man. There has not been a great deal of evidence on the subject of late, probably because conditions have not been just right for making comparisons, but in the news from Cornell this morning is the announcement that the co-eds have won twenty-one of the thirty-one elections for membership in Phi Beta Kappa, the honorary scholarship society.

Mrs. William Riter, residing near Lehi, has been appointed a hunter and trapper for the state live stock board. Her husband is already in the employ of the federal government in a similar capacity.

Mrs. Riter is reputed to be an expert trapper and an accurate shot and will devote her time to destruction of predatory animals in the interest of the state live stock industry.

The National Council of Women of the United States held a meeting of the board of directors of the organization in Washington, on Friday, April 18. The object of the meeting was to discuss the further policy of the National Council with reference to the Peace Conference and League of Nations: also to hear the report of the special committee on reconstruction and permanent peace.

Mrs. James H. Moyle, wife of Hon. James H. Moyle, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, attended the session to represent the National Women's Relief Society, and also the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association.

Have you ever noticed the trifling, and sometimes the apparently important things which arise to prevent us from attending our Relief Society meetings? If one wants, a dozen different excuses can be made, and absence from meeting seems legitimate and necessary. The little domestic difficulties which arise —the social calls, the ringing of the telephone, a slight misunderstanding with some other member of the Society which makes us rather unwilling to face our neighbor—all these things too often arrive and prevent our members from attending meeting. Do not be kept out of heaven by trifles nor by your enemies. Make your enemies your friends; control the circumstances about you and rise up in the dignity of your womanhood and be a true Relief Society woman.

The conduct of our business meetings in the Relief Society is a subject of considerable importance to the members thereof. Let us suggest to officers and teachers that when they gather in their business meetings order shall obtain. Chatter and laughter are excellent antidotes to care and trouble, but they have no place in the regular and ordained meetings of the Society. Confusion results where two people talk at the same time, and no matter how harmless the exchange of neighborly gossip may be, the Relief Society meeting is not the place for it. We suggest that perfect and quiet discipline shall mark the conduct of all our Relief Society gatherings.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Hyrum Stake.

Mrs. Sophia Christensen of Hyrum Stake, although 78 years of age, and partly crippled with rheumatism, knitted last year over 58 pairs of socks, two sweaters and 17 large blocks to be used in the Red Cross quilts. Another member of this ward knitted 26 sweaters. To stimulate an interest in knitting, Mrs. H P. Nielsen, Chairman of the Red Cross knitting in the Third Ward, instituted knitting parties which were very successful.

Benson Stake.

Seven thousand bushels of wheat was turned over to the government from Benson Stake. During the past year the teachers have made 100 per cent visits. All ward presidents attend sacrament meetings regularly.

One of the Stake Board members who took a course in Child Welfare under Miss Ravenhill of the A. C. has had charge

of the Child Welfare work in the stake. She has given three lectures in each ward on this subject.

Bannock Stake.

On September 7, 1918, Mrs. Gwen H. Redford was released as president of the Relief Society of the Bannock stake. She resigned her position because of the fact that she had moved to Logan to place her children in school. Although she had held this position only a few years her splendid work in the Relief Society was already bearing fruit. Mrs. Redford is a capable, progressive, well trained woman, deeply spiritual and a student of the gospel. She will be greatly missed by Relief Society workers in the Bannock stake.

Mrs. Minnie Sorenson of Lago, Idaho, was appointed to succeed Mrs. Redford. We are pleased to welcome Mrs. Sorenson in our group of Stake Presidents and feel sure that she will be able to carry on the good work so well begun in her stake.

Japan Mission.

The following interesting letter has just been received from Joseph H. Stimpson, president of the Japan Mission:

For some time we have been trying to get a Relief Society started among the women of this land but it seems impossible at the present to effect such an organization. We wrote to you about this a long time ago, and Sister Stimpson was appointed to take charge of that work, but the small number of women now attending our meetings, and especially the few women saints, have made it impossible to even get the organization completed. Women in Japan have very few rights, if we speak from the woman's rights point of view, as known in America. They are not even able to go and come where they wish. So we are sorry to state that as yet we have not been able to get enough together to hold a meeting. I am sorry we are not able to make a better report, but we have not given up hopes that conditions will be such that we may get started sometime.

However, lately we have done a little in the line of genealogical work. Some of the saints are starting to get their genealogies collected. I have helped in the arrangement of this data in logical order and find it very interesting. It is hard to follow out the family, often because men as well as women change their names at marriage and adoptions are so common that it is difficult to keep the family lines straight. I find the work very interesting, though, and hope to get more done in the near future.

The *Relief Society Magazine* is very welcome in our midst. We thank you very much for sending it to the mission and we feel that with it you are filling a place not reached by any other publication, and desire to congratulate you on your success.

RELIEF SOCIETY ANNUAL REPORT FOR 1918

CASH RECEIPTS AND CASH DISBURSEMENTS

CASH RECEIPTS—

Balance on hand Jan. 1, 1918:		
Charity fund	$ 19,575 67	
General fund	54,304.34	
Wheat fund	78,368.55	
Total balance		$152,248.56
Donations:		
Charity fund	57,321.05	
General fund	55,042.89	
Wheat fund	7,056.93	
Annual Dues for General Board	7,911.54	
Dues for Stake Board	1,531.16	
Received for wheat sold	137,454.23	
Other receipts	44,897.40	
Total donations and receipts		$311,215.00
Total		$463,463.76

CASH DISBURSEMENTS—

Paid for charitable purposes	$ 59,061.21	
Paid for general purposes	54,148.54	
Paid for wheat	20,471.14	
Paid to General Board for membership dues	9,066.48	
Paid to Stake Boards for dues	2.400.51	
Paid for other purposes	50,135.57	
Total expenditures		$195,283.45
Balance on hand Dec. 31, 1918:		
Charity fund	20,885.48	
General fund	50,665.56	
Wheat fund	196,629.27	
Total balance		$268,180.31
Total		$463,463.76

WHEAT ACCOUNT.

Received and Disbursed.

RECEIPTS—

Wheat on hand Jan. 1, 1918	10,867,660 lbs.	
Wheat donated during 1918	90,199 "	
Wheat purchased during 1918	567,412 "	
Other wheat receipts	259,113 "	
Total		11,784,384 lbs.
		or 196,406.4 bu.

DISBURSED—

Wheat credit with P. B. O.	5,401,899 lbs.	
Wheat in local Relief Society granary	1,434,888 "	
Wheat in other granaries	211,403 "	
Other wheat deposits	185,200 "	
Total wheat on hand and wheat credits with P. B. O.		7,233,390 lbs. or (120,556.5 bu.)
Wheat sold locally	4,381,919 lbs.	
Shrinkage, waste and loss	169,075 "	
Total sold and loss		4,550,994 lbs.
Total		11,784,384 lbs. or (196,406.4 bu.)

RESOURCES AND LIABILITIES.

RESOURCES—

Balance on hand Dec. 31, 1918—all funds	$268,180.31	
Value of wheat on hand and wheat credits with P. B. O. Dec. 31, 1918	189,421.74	
Value of real estate, buildings and furniture	239,316.97	
Value of invested funds	38,906.93	
Other resources	35,588.60	
Total		$771,414.55

LIABILITIES—

Indebetdness	$ 3,287.99	
Balance net resources	768,126.56	
Total		$771,414.55

STATISTICS.

Membership Jan. 1, 1918:		
Officers	6,516	
Teachers	13,658	
Members	24,337	
Admitted to membership during year	5,699	
Total		50,210
Membership Dec. 31, 1918:		
Officers	6,511	
Teachers	13,795	
Members	24,990	
Total or present membership		**45,296**
Removed or resigned	4,288	
Died	626	
Total withdrawn		4,914
Total		50,210

General officers and Board members	23
Stake officers and Board members	1,037
Number of meetings held	29,589
Average attendance at meetings	15,473
Number of Relief Society organizations	1,146
Number of L. D. S. families in stakes	67,860

ACTIVITIES

Number of Relief Society Magazines taken	13,686
Days spent with the sick	42,380
Special visits to the sick	87,858
Families helped	5,138
Bodies prepared for burial	2,967
Number of visits by stake Relief Society officers to wards	3,962
No. visits made by Relief Society ward teachers during year	85,273
Number of days spent in Temple work	26,899
Assistance to missionaries or their families	$2,275.62

CONSERVATION WORK AND LIBERTY BONDS.

CONSERVATION WORK—

Grain raised by ward Relief Societies	1,644 bu.
Fruit and jelly canned by ward Relief Societies	36,000 qts.
Dried fruit conserved by ward Relief Societies	3,361 lbs.
Dried vegetables conserved by ward Relief Societies	3,002 "
Fruit and jellies canned by individual members of ward Relief Societies for family use	2,564,705 qts.
Dried vegetables conserved by individual members of ward Relief Societies for family use	574,138 lbs.
Other items such as remodeling clothing, making quilts, etc.	52,850

LIBERTY BONDS—

Amount subscribed by ward Relief Societies	$ 44,417.80
Amount subscribed by memers of ward Relief Societies	397,032.00

RED CROSS WORK.

Number of Red Cross memberships taken by ward Relief Society members	24,297
Number of Surgical Dressings	371,455
Number of hospital garments	71,013
Number of hospital supplies	58,939
Number of knitted articles	91,795
Number of refugee garments	41,175
Articles collected for Belgian relief	226,784

RED CROSS LINEN SHOWER—

Number of sheets	2,818
Number of bath towels	6,307
Number of hand towels	8,934
Number of handkerchiefs	9,276
Number of napkins	16,220

The Plain Tailored Skirt.

The materials suitable for tailored skirts are the heavy woolen materials such as serges, broadcloth, etc. It is useless to try to make a tailored skirt from a cotton serge, or other similar materials, as cotton does not require tailoring. So the directions here given for making a plain skirt are only to be applied to the all-wool materials.

In making the selection and purchase of material, first of all make sure you are buying woolen material. As to color, the conservative woman will select a quiet color which will be in good taste for street wear and all occasions appropriate for the wearing of tailored clothes. Quiet colors are more practical in their combination with different colored waists. For the ordinary home dress-maker, plain materials will be more easily laundered than checks, plaids or stripes, unless the figure is very small. The colors I consider most practical for a tailored skirt are, navy blue, greys, browns and black.

After careful selection, find out if the material has been shrunk. If not, you must either shrink it or have it done. To shrink it, press it on the wrong side, using a heavy, damp cloth, and allow the material to remain in place on the board until the steam from the cloth thoroughly penetrates. Shrinking will lessen the gloss or finish on broadcoth and similar materials, but all things being considered, it is wisest in the long run.

Next, the style must be considered. The styles change less in tailored clothing than they do in other types, and are invariably plain. In this article we will consider the making of the two-piece skirt with little fulness in the back, as that seems to be the most favored style this season.

The amount of material required will vary with the size of the person to be fitted, the width of material and the style selected. A medium-sized or small person will require twice the length (allowing about six inches extra for curving at the top

and hems at the bottom) of yard wide material, or one length in the seventy-two inch material. Many of the heavy materials come in this width. A large person will, of course, require more material.

To Cut the Two-Piece Skirt.

First, cut and fit a yoke pattern as described in our last number. Be very accurate and careful in doing this, as the skirt perfectly shaped from the beginning is always more successful than the one which has to be altered greatly. The drawing will show the use of yoke pattern, in shaping the two-pieces, front and back. The skirts having the seam directly over the hip and exactly half way between the center of the front and the center of the back have always appeared more satisfactory to me, though many of the models have the seam just a little toward the front. This is merely a matter of taste, but you must decide and then divide your yoke pattern into front and back accordingly. Personally, I prefer to fold half the yoke pattern (from the center of the front to the center of the back) into two equal parts, but be careful not to confuse them as there may be some difference in their shape.

The width at the bottom, of course, changes with the style. This year they are very narrow. However, the sensible woman

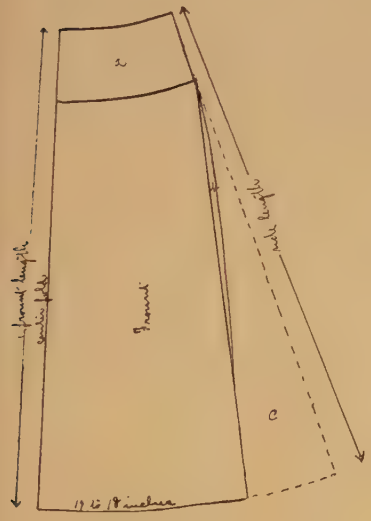

Figure I

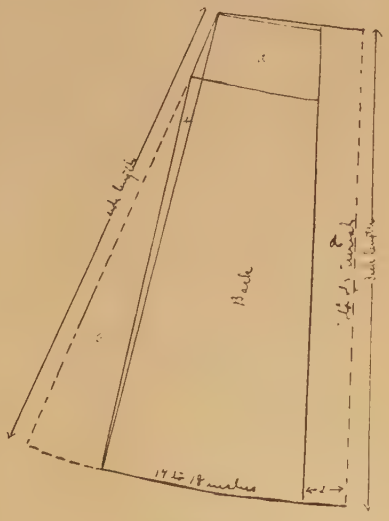

Figure II

will not wear a skirt less than one yard and twenty-one inches, which allows a comfortable step. Stout women require at least two yards at the bottom of the skirt.

The pattern may be cut of brown wrapping paper, or if one has had experience in cutting it, the shape of the gores may be marked on the wrong side of the material with chalk. A yard ruler is a great help in drafting a skirt.

Figure I shows the front gore. *A* is the front half of half the yoke pattern, *B* shows the treatment of the side. The straight line from the bottom of the yoke pattern to the bottom of the skirt leaves a sharp angle at the hip. In narrow skirts, round the side out as shown here. This will make the skirt more ample through the center. *C* shows how the skirt may be added to and made fuller.

Figure II shows the back gore with fulness allowed in the center of the back. At least two inches on the fold can be used in the back for gathers. Many women in making their skirts are allowing still more—enough to make an inverted pleat down the center of the back, to be used in making the skirt fuller when style so demands, as may be the case even before the skirt has been worn one season. *A* shows the back half of the yoke, *B* shows the method of treating the angle at the hip line. The fulness allowed in the back makes the curve over the hip unnecesary, so a straight line may be made from the top of the skirt to the bottom. *C* shows how the back gore also may be made fuller, *D* shows the fulness allowed in the back.

In case you have divided your yoke pattern so that the seam comes a little to the front, you cannot divide the fulness at the bottom in half. The back will, of course, have to be wider in order to be consistent with the top.

Note how the curve at the top is extended over the fulness at the back.

In cutting, allow one inch seams and about three inches for a hem.

The proper length of the tailored skirts at present is about five inches from the floor. It is to be hoped that it will remain so, as it is very much more becoming and sensible than shorter or longer skirts.

Next number will treat the making and finishing of the tailored skirt.

YOKOHAMA, Japan, had a seven-million-dollar fire on April 28.

AVIATORS anxious to fly across the Atlantic made a start May 8.

PEACE DAY was observed in all the churches in Utah on April 13.

BREWING BEER in the United States stopped on May 1, under Federal law.

AMERICAN LOSSES in the late war, up to April 30, aggregated 275,800 men.

COAL prices in Utah came down 40 cents per ton, or about 5 percent, on May 1.

BRITISH INDIA had six million deaths from influenza for the year ended April 30.

FRANCISCO VILLA, the Mexican bandit, renewed his fighting activity in Mexico in April.

WOMEN comprise one-half of the 20,877 stockholders of the American Sugar Refining Company.

BRITISH INDIA had a considerable uprising of natives in April, but it was suppressed by force.

THE KOREAN rebellion against Japan was suppressed in April, at a cost of several thousand lives.

MESOPOTAMIA is now being heralded as the greatest prospective grain producing country in the world.

INTERNATIONAL LABOR legislation received a considerable share of attention in the peace treaty made at Paris.

An I. W. W. convention scheduled for Salt Lake City on June 27 has been forbidden by the municipal authorities.

Egypt's efforts in April, to break away from Great Britain, proved futile under the pressure of superior military force.

A tornado in Texas, Oklahoma and Kansas, on April 10, caused the death of over 100 persons, besides injuring many others.

Jews continue to gather to Palestine, notwithstanding objections by Mohammedans and others to making that land a Jewish state.

Ireland's advocates of a republic for the island failed to secure such a provision in the treaty framed at the Paris peace conference.

A Butter boycott in Utah, in April, for a reduction in prices, received general support from the women folks in the larger cities.

The German peace party which reached Versailles, France, on April 30, to consider the peace treaty, included thirty women representatives.

An earthquake in San Salvador on April 29 caused a loss of forty lives, the injury of hundreds of people, and great destruction of property.

Mrs. Louise P. Holbrook, a Salvation Army captain, addressed the congregation in the "Mormon" Tabernacle at Salt Lake City on April 27.

Russian women are making vehement protests against the communism of women adopted by some of the soviet governments there—and well they might.

David Lloyd-George, British premier, warned Great Britain, in April, that Europe was facing "a real danger—the gaunt specter of hunger is stalking through the land."

National finances in the world are summed up by Senator Smoot, of Utah, in the statement that the United States may meet its obligations, but the other nations never can.

TELEPHONE RATES in the United States were increased 20 per cent and upwards on May 1, under government direction. The lines are to go back into private operation on May 10.

WOMEN in Salt Lake City and Ogden are evincing much antagonism to the new law passed by the Utah legislature regulating hours of work, and which went into effect on May 12.

THE "MORMON" CHURCH now has twenty-two large mission fields in the world, the latest one formed being known as the Canadian mission, over which Nephi Jensen has been called to preside.

THE HAWAIIAN TEMPLE of the Church is to be opened in the near future. Elder D. M. McAllister, who has had long experience in the Salt Lake and St. George temples, is to be in charge.

PHILIPPINE independence is being urged upon the United States government by Filipino representatives, who came to Washington in April and awaited the return of President Wilson from France.

BOMBS containing high explosives were sent by mail from New York in the later part of April, and two women were seriously injured in opening one. Two were received in Utah for prominent citizens.

CZECHO-SLOVAKIA and Jugo-Slavia are the names of two new nations formed in north central and south central Europe, respectively. The names will bear a translation into simpler English, for pronunciation.

RAILWAY men in the "four brotherhoods" received another increase in wages by the government, in April. The wages increase for these employees during the past three years averages $690.00 per year each.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE will win on the matter of a national constitutional amendment through Congress within thirty days of the convening of an extra session, is the prediction of Senator W. M. Calder of New York.

FUTURE WARS are by no means an impossibility, according to the British premier, who announced in parliament in April that

a blunder at the Paris peace conference "might precipitate a universal war which might be either near or distant."

THE ATLANTIC cable lines, taken over by the United States government, were ordered back to private operation on May 3.

THE FIFTIETH anniversary of the completion of the Union and Central Pacific railways, at Promontory, Utah, was observed at Ogden on May 10. January 10, 1920, is the fiftieth anniversary of the completion of the first railway into Salt Lake City.

CHURCH UNION throughout the world is again being advocated in some of the larger religious denominations. The Catholic church says the union with that body comes only through its designated channels of admission, while many Protestants insist that they will never consent to that.

ITALY was greatly offended at the Paris peace conference in April, by President Wilson's refusal to permit the Adriatic seaport of Fiume, in the Italian Irredenta formerly held by Austria, to be transferred to Italy. The Italians were so wrought up that one illustration of their anger was the changing of the name of a street in Genoa, once designated in honor of President Wilson, to Fiume street.

A WOMAN DEFEATED the "nationalization" of Women in Hungary in April. The new Hungarian ministry had agreed on the law, and one of the ministers, Herr Weltner, explained its workings to his wife. "Do you mean to tell me that you can get rid of me from one day to another, and marry the next day if you like?" demanded young Frau Weltner. "That's how the law stands," replied the husband. Then the storm broke; both wife and mother-in-law beagn to scream and a frenzied scene ensued; they demanded that the minister should stop the law, or they would leave him and get the wives, mothers and mothers-in-law of all the ministers to take similar action. Herr Weltner was glad to take up the cudgel with the other ministers, and the law was stopped. Honor to this Hungarian woman, who had more decency in her make-up than the whole batch of the male soviet propaganda!

EDITORIAL

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Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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RECONSTRUCTION.

The result of any cataclysm such as the world has just passed through, necessarily leaves in its wake a vast trail of difficult problems and unsettled conditions. It is true that our own country has not been devastated as France and Belgium have been, nor have we approached the verge of bankruptcy, as perhaps England is doing. Yet the calling of 5,000,000 men from regular avenues of domestic and civil life, thrusting them into the preparation and conflict of war involves no light process of readjustment in order that these men shall be returned to social life without injury to themselves and their interests, and without loss to the people of the country. Moreover, the changing of manufacturing plants from the peaceable pursuits of ordinary life into institutions for the manufacture of strictly war materials, and *vice versa,* constitutes another problem in readjustment which statesmen must face. Added to this is the unbelievable increase of the credit system, which means that everybody is buying on credit—for that is what paper money is—which has caused prices to soar beyond the wildest dreams, while everybody clamors for lower prices on what is bought, yet all the workers want higher wages and salaries than has ever been earned in the history of the world.

This reconstruction need is the foundation of our Fifth Liberty or Victory Loan, and there may be another in the future; while the vexing and difficult process of administering needed re-

lief to families robbed of their wage-earners, through war's necessities, and finding profitable jobs for returned soldiers, hangs like a threatening cloud over the heads of civic relief workers and public officials. Then there is the sex problem. Women have crowded by the hundreds of thousands into the ranks of the wage-earners, and they are very loth to go back into their homes and become a seeming burden on the shoulders of men. They have tasted the sweets of financial and social independence and in most instances refuse to return to old conditions.

The biggest problem of all, that which contains the germ of world-suicide, is the dissatisfaction of the working classes everywhere with existing conditions. Labor is not satisfied with more wages and shorter hours. Men feel that the crux of the labor problem lies in the ownership of the producing industry. They find themeslves without power or influence in the matter of governing industries which they themselves create and continue. The human spirit, when released from the pressure of fear, rebels against any form of authority which is not delegated from itself; yet the masses of the people are the masses because they lack the initiative and creative governing power to organize and control human and mechanical forces. The whole world, therefore, is whirling around in this vortex of confusion and dismay.

It may well be that all the prophecies made concerning this people shall be fulfilled in a shorter period of time than we now realize. We have all the foundation of truth with the basic principles which underlie the government of the world. The reconstruction question with you and me, however, is an individual question. Always keep that in mind, my sisters. The people in this Church and kingdom are the Church and kingdom, as the citizens of this Government are the Government. No stream rises higher than its source, and the strength of the chain is its weakest link. Look well to your individual link, that it shall be strong, not corroded with evil passions, rusted with envy, nor ground upon by the friction of sordid ambition and the lust for the vain things of this world. This is the message of reconstruction for this people: learn to construct and adjust all your own life-forces so that you shall be ready, not to drive and force men into the true Church and kingdom of God, but to lead them by loving them, to win them by serving them. The gospel is the plan under heaven by which men can be saved.

Germs and Disease.

Dr. Martin P. Henderson, Professor of Biology,
B. Y. University, Provo.

(This takes place of Guide Work for July.)

The existence of a world of microscopic life with its wonderful manifestations, was but vaguely suggested at the beginning of the Nineteenth century. Fermentations and decay were not understood. Disease was a mystery. Epidemics came and went without any apparent cause. Decaying organic matter had been observed to swarm with bacteria, but these were supposed to arise spontaneously as a product of the dead cells, and to take no part in causing the decay. Similar structures had been seen in the tartar from the teeth, but it was not supposed that these tiny organisms normally grow and reproduce in the human mouth. About the middle of the century, however, the question of the origin of these lowly forms engaged the attention and genius of the leaders in the fields of chemistry and medicine, and out of their controversies and experiments came a recognition of three fundamental facts: first, that these simple organisms do not arise *de novo,* from the air or from any other substance either organic or inorganic, but like all other living things must have their origin in antecedent parental forms; second, that fermentation, putrefaction and decay are results of the life activities of these forms; and third, that they are causative agents in diseases of plants and animals.

Despite this information, which has been current for almost sixty years, and in the face of the certainty that a majority of our common contagious diseases are caused by germs, and that others on very good evidence are believed to be thus caused, the idea seems to prevail in the popular mind that an epidemic of disease, such as that of the past season, may arise spontaneously out of the air or have its origin in some other intangible manner. The disease germ is thought of as a mysterious something which as mysteriously transports itself from one person to another without the intervention of any material mediator.

A germ is either a minute plant or animal. It differs from the higher forms of life primarily in its size and simpler organization. Usually it is a single cell, so small that hundreds or even thousands of them would have to be grouped together to form a mass of sufficient size to be visible. Germs are subject to the same laws of the universe and dependent upon the same principles of life as are higher organisms. Their need for food

is no less imperative and their necessity for right conditions of temperature and moisture is just as real. They take food, grow and reproduce their kind. What constitutes them disease germs is the power which they have acquired to operate upon and within the human body and to draw from it the nutrients requisite for a complete cycle of life. They may be simple saprophytes such as the colon bacillus, which is always present but does not cause specific disease, active parasites which are able to wrest their nourishment from the living cells, or less virulent forms such as the pneumonia germs which attack the host only when he is weakened from some other cause. Germs may attack and destroy living tissues, as in the case of diphtheria bacteria in the lining of the throat, or the typhoid bacillus in the walls of the intestinal tract; they may remain localized as to place of development but in their operations produce poisons which are distributed by the blood to all parts of the body, as in diphtheria and lockjaw; or they may get into the blood stream and be carried to various parts of the body, as in syphilis and typhoid fever.

Contagious germs develop normally only in connection with the body or its immediate wastes. When a person "catches" an infectious disease it means simply that the germ causing it has been transferred from an infected individual to a vulnerable portion of his own body, and finding there requisite environmetal conditions, has established itself and is continuing its natural processes of growth and reproduction. The germ is not at fault any more than the weed is at fault in growing in the choicest spot of the garden. It is merely satisfying the greatest demand of its existence—the perpetuation of its kind.

The transfer of germs from one individual to another takes place in a variety of ways all of which might be avoided, and which would no doubt be avoided, were the true significance of germs realized. But their small size makes them very difficult to study and entirely inaccessible, so far as the unaided senses of man are concerned. If it were possible to see them as they are in their normal places of growth, many of the practices of the present would be substituted by more sanitary ones, and many thoughtless acts would be discontinued. Suppose for example it were possible to see and recognize the myriads of living forms that swarm on the lips and in the mouth of a person infected with influenza, diphtheria, "colds" or tuberculosis, or suppose the individual could thus see himself. What would be the possibilities of quarantine? What would become of the habit of promiscuous kissing? Suppose such an infected individual could see these same forms swimming in the droplets of saliva as they issue in clouds from his mouth and bespatter his friends whenever he sneezes or coughs. Would he be guilty of performing these acts except behind his handkerchief or some other adequate

screen? Imagine the possibilities, could a tuberculous individual see that the sputum from his mouth is filled with a writhing mass of living forms, the germs of this terrible disease. Would he be willing to take the risk of expectorating indiscriminately about him, either in private or public places, or would such a thing be at all permitted? Assume the results, were it possible for us all to really see the various forms of life which adhere to our hands, and recognize among them those that produce typhoid fever, diphtheria, tuberculosis or syphilis. Would the deplorable "hand to mouth" habit be continued? Would careless handling of articles touched by others particularly those infected with contagious diseases, continue? Suppose the possibility of seeing the millions of typhoid germs with their numerous whip-like swimming appendages, as they writhe and swarm in the feces of a typhoid patient, of watching these same germs as they are washed by the rains into the well or other water supply, and finally as they would appear in the glass of clear cold water on the table. Or imagine watching them taken up by the thousands on the body and feet of a fly and carried direct to the nearest kitchen where they are deposited on baby's "comfort," on his hands, on his lips, on the dishes, on various articles of food and finally washed off the insect by a bath in the milk. Would human excrement be left exposed? Would open privies be maintained? Would decaying or putrefying filth of any sort be permitted to encumber the premises?

These are the things that are happening around us every day, but due to the natural limitations of vision, the majority of us do not see them except through the eyes of others. Shall we for that reason reject them? The day of preventive medicine is rapidly approaching. Will we hinder its approach by dogmatic persistence in theories and traditions of the past, or shall we rather hasten its coming by an intelligent acceptance and application of the truth as it is now known?

The House Fly.

Dr. Martin P. Henderson, Professor of Biology,
B. Y. University, Provo.

(This takes place of Guide Work for July.)

The fly is too cosmopolitan to require introduction, but in common with many other individuals often encountered in "polite society," it will probably be the less appreciated the more its history and habits are understood. Of the various kinds of flies commonly found in houses but one really deserves the name of "house-fly," since it represents rather more than 95 per cent of the entire number.

A careful examination of its body reveals the fact that it could hardly have been better designed for the role of filth distributor. The head is composed mainly of two large compound eyes. These at first appear to be smooth but closer observation proves them to be dotted with myriads of fine hairs. In front, between the eyes are the antennae, the last joint of which bears a short feathery brush. Other parts of the head are provided with bristle-like hairs of varying lengths. From the under side of the head arises the proboscis. This is an elongated, fleshy tube covered with hairs on the exterior and expanded at the tip into two broad membranous lobes provided with many fine corrugated ridges. This structure is admirably fitted for sucking, and through it food is taken in a liquid or semi-liquid form. When hard substances, such as sugar, are to be taken up they are first moistened and dissolved "with vomit which is regurgitated from the crop" laden with germs and filth which have previously been sucked up. The body is densely covered with bristles and hairs of varying lengths, so arranged that they carry with them large quantities of any dirt or germs encountered. The wings, although apparently bare, have a very dense covering of fine hairs admirably suited to the collection of germs and filth. The legs are provided with bristles arranged in rows and interspersed with denser mats of fine, short hairs. The last joint of the foot bears at its tip two large curved claws and a pair of sponge-like pads from which project myriads of glandular hairs which secrete a substance by means of which the fly adheres to polished surfaces, a most admirable provision also for the collection and distribution of any kind of foul matter encountered.

The fly's breeding habits likewise fit it for the role of filth distributor. Its eggs are laid in filth, the larvae or maggots wallow in filth, the pupae spend their "sleeping" period in filth, and the adults emerge laden with filth to begin their duties in a near-

by household. Horse manure appears to be the favorite larval food, but when this is not immediately available it does not hesitate to appropriate to its needs any corrupt mass of organic material. It has been observed to breed in pig, cow and chicken manure, in human excrement, in dirty waste paper, decaying vegetation, putrifying meat, slaughter-house refuse, sawdust sweepings, slops, fermenting vegetable materials, such as spent hops, bran and ensilage, and in rotting potatoes.

The rate at which flies increase is astounding. A female deposits an average of one hundred twenty eggs at one time, and will produce at least two, and frequently four, such batches between April and September. In twelve to fifteen days the new adult generation is also ready to lay eggs so that ten to twelve generations may result from a single individual during a season. It has been estimated that the progeny of one female under favorable conditions would amount to hundreds of billions in a summer.

The omnivorous habits of the "house-fly" are matters of every day observation. It has a keen sense of smell without any sense of decency—so is attracted alike by the delicate odors from the kitchen and the foul-smelling stenches arising from putrefying organic wastes. It does not hesitate to eat its fill from and wallow its body in the filthiest germ-laden mass, and then at first opportunity to plunge its reeking feet and "snout" into the most delicious cream cake on the pantry shelf. It will feed ravenously on excreted wastes of the typhoid patient, suck up with avidity the sputum from a tuberculous individual, wallow in the pus of an open sore, and then pass directly to any food upon the table, to the nipple of baby's bottle, to healthy mucus membranes or uncontaminated wounds. "There is nothing to tell whether the fly that comes blithely up to sup with you is merely unclean, or whether it has just finished feeding upon dejecta teeming with typhoid bacilli."

That the fly is a distributor par excellence of all kinds of filth and disease germs, has long since passed the stage of experimental demonstration. It has been repeatedly examined not only for surface contamination, but also as to the number of germs that may be carried in the digestive tract. The number of surface forms on a single fly has been known to vary from about five hundred to more than six millions, and those of the digestive tract from one hundred to more than three millions. The number of germs carried varies with the season and the quantity of exposed filth of the district in which the flies are collected, in fact the quantity of filth carried by the flies as well as the number of flies in any locality seems to bear a definite relation to the habits of the people and to the conditions of their surroundings. In one experiment in which the fly was permitted to fall into a vessel of sterile

water and swim about for several minutes—just as sometimes occurs in many households—the number of surface germs washed off was five hundred million, and those from the digestive tract over three hundred million. This perhaps represents extremes as to number of germs, but it is often repeated as to the bath, except that milk serves as the medium and an unsuspecting child as the incubator.

As to specific germs of disease, the evidence is no less certain and convincing. Flies fed on material cantaminated with the typhoid bacillus have been found to distribute this germ in their feces for two days after feeding. From flies naturally infected, this germ has also been repeatedly recovered, so we know that the typhoid bacillus is carried not only accidentally on the surface of the insect's body but within its alimentary canal. Similar results have been reached in experiments with other disease germs, notably that of tuberculous, and there is abundant evidence that infantile diarrhea, dysentery and cholera may be so spread.

Consider the possibilities of the fly coming in contact with these germs in nature. Typhoid bacilli are abundant in the excrement and urine of the person suffering from the disease, and are often in the dejecta for months or even years after the individual has recovered. Human excreta is very attractive to flies both for feeding and egg-laying. It is frequently carelessly exposed in waste places or open privies and left to contaminate myriads of insects not only with typhoid bacilli but with the germs of other intestinal diseases. The sputum of tubercular individuals is also greedily devoured by flies, and they have been shown to distribute the germ for several days after feeding on infected material.

The fly, then, is most admirably adapted in bodily construction, breeding habits and life activities, to the nefarious practice of filth and disease distribution. But is the fly to blame? Is it not merely responding to environment in the only way in which nature permits it to respond, and incidentally turning back upon man the natural results of his own unclean habits?

"O My Father."

Adapted to the tune of "The Nephite Lamentation" as arranged by Professor Henry E. Giles.

HISTORY OF "THE NEPHITE LAMENTATION."

The melody of the "Nephite Lamentation" has a very interesting and impressive history. It was given to Thomas Durham of Parowan, Utah, in a dream. Because of its connection with Book of Mormon history it is of special interest to Latter-day Saints.

The history of the melody and the story of the dream as given to the publisher by President Canute Peterson of Sanpete Stake are as follows:

A promise had been made to Thomas Durham that he should be visited by heavenly beings. In fulfilment of the promise a young man, who proved to be one of the twenty-four Nephites surviving the last great battle between the Nephites and Lamanites at the Hill Cumorah, came to his room and played this melody on a brass horn. Apparently for the purpose of impressing the tune upon Brother Durham's memory, it was repeated three times. In its rendition it seems that the high note in the second strain of the melody was beyond the range of the instrument but by the expression on the face of the young Nephite it was apparent that he was trying to reach a higher note. Brother Durham, being a musician, readily placed the missing note to complete the melody. The rendition so impressed him that he was awakened and immediately arose and wrote the music of the tune to preserve it.

The history of the melody, as given to Brother Durham, connects it with the battle of the Hill Cumorah, as related in the Book of Mormon, Mormon, sixth chapter, eleventh verse: "And when they had gone through and hewn down all my people, save it were twenty and four of us, (among whom was my son Moroni, and we having survived the dead of our people, did behold on the morrow, when the Lamanites had returned unto their camps, from the top of the hill Cumorah, the ten thousand of my people who were hewn down, being led in the front by me."

Fifteenth verse: "And it came to pass that there were ten more who did fall by the sword, with their ten thousand each;

yea, even all my people, save it were those twenty and four who were with me, and also a few who had escaped into the south countries, and a few who had dissented over unto the Lamanites, had fallen, and their flesh, and bones, and blood lay upon the face of the earth." (There were 230,000 slain.)

When the twenty-four had gathered at the Hill Cumorah the morning after the battle, the young man who appeared to Brother Durham played this same melody as a lamentation for the dead. As he played, he was sitting on the bank of a stream, facing the west, probably overlooking the battle field of the previous day.

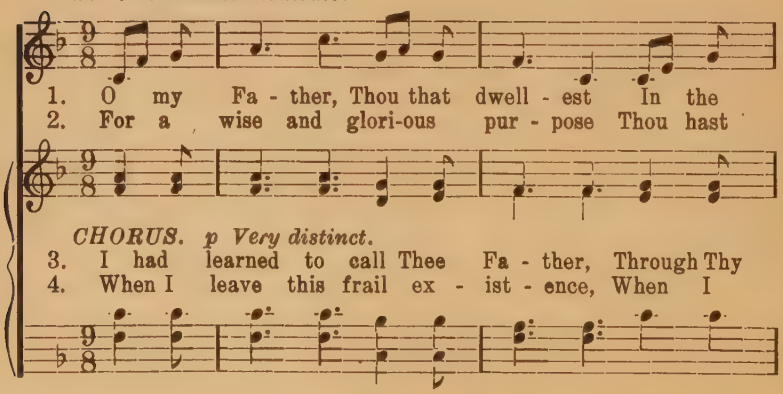
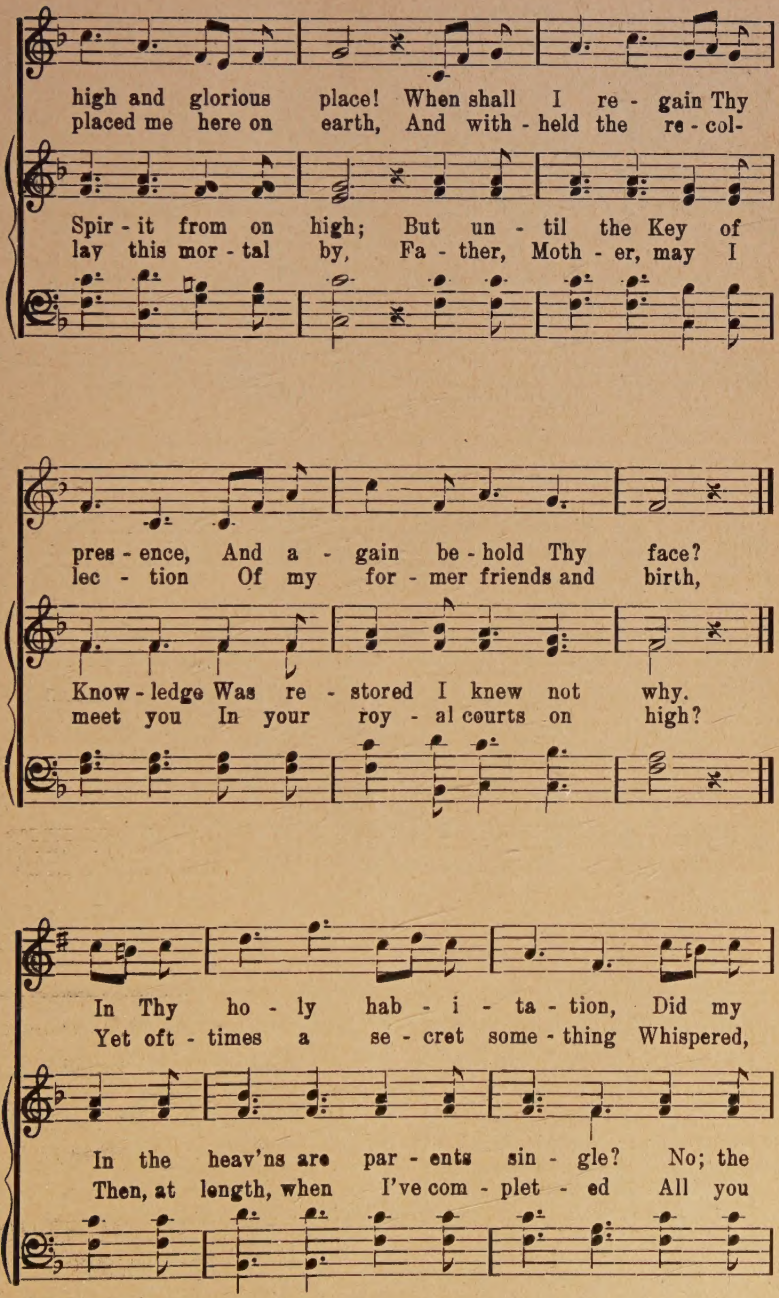
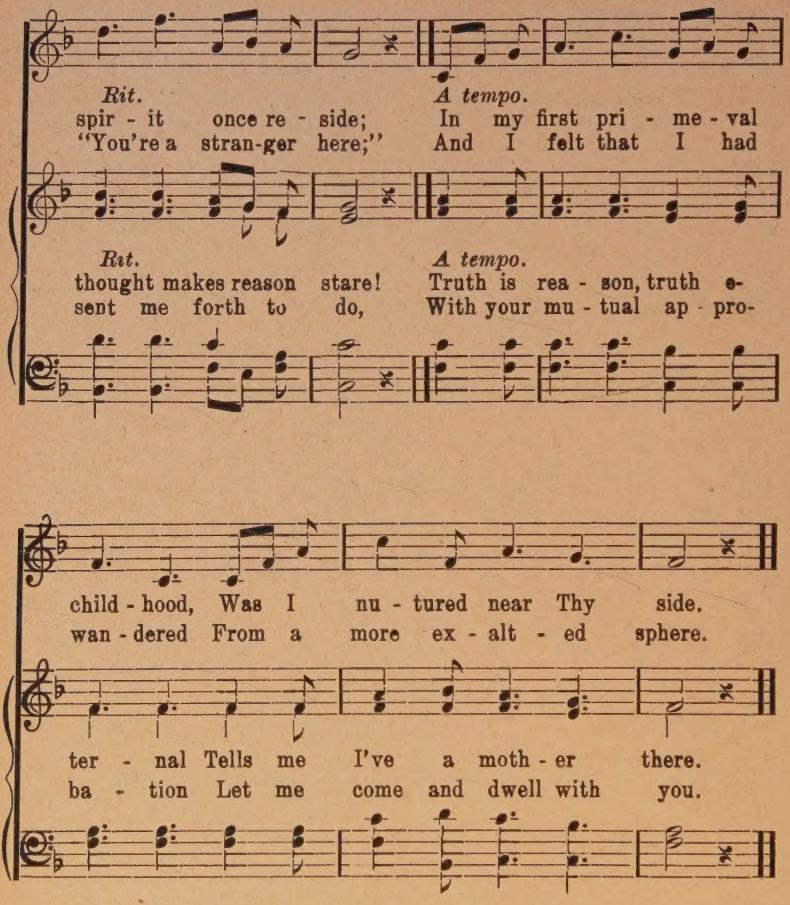
The melody, having been preserved by Brother Durham after the dream, he later adapted it to the words of the favorite "Mormon" hymn, "O, my Father," and frequently sang it in public. When the melody was given to the writer who, on one occasion at Cedar City, heard it sung by Brother Durham, he arranged it in its present form and has frequently used it as an organ solo for sacramental music. It has created a deep impression whenever played, and is now very frequently requested.

The melody is now published as choir music for the first time, and it is hoped and believed that it will be widely used throughout the Church:

O MY FATHER.

Tune—Nephite Lamentation. THOMAS DURHAM.

E. R SNOW. Arr. by H. E GILES.


Solo. Andante moderato.
1. O my Fa - ther, Thou that dwell - est In the
2. For a wise and glori-ous pur - pose Thou hast
CHORUS. p Very distinct.
3. I had learned to call Thee Fa - ther, Through Thy
4. When I leave this frail ex - ist - ence, When I

high and glorious place! When shall I re - gain Thy
placed me here on earth, And with - held the re - col-
Spir - it from on high; But un - til the Key of
lay this mor - tal by, Fa - ther, Moth - er, may I
pres - ence, And a - gain be - hold Thy face?
lec - tion Of my for - mer friends and birth,
Know - ledge Was re - stored I knew not why.
meet you In your roy - al courts on high?
In Thy ho - ly hab - i - ta - tion, Did my
Yet oft - times a se - cret some - thing Whispered,
In the heav'ns are par - ents sin - gle? No; the
Then, at length, when I've com - plet - ed All you

Rit.
spir - it once re - side;
"You're a stran-ger here;"
A tempo.
In my first pri - me - val
And I felt that I had
Rit.
thought makes reason stare!
sent me forth to do,
A tempo.
Truth is rea - son, truth e-
With your mu - tual ap - pro-
child - hood, Was I nu - tured near Thy side.
wan - dered From a more ex - alt - ed sphere.
ter - nal Tells me I've a moth - er there.
ba - tion Let me come and dwell with you.

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